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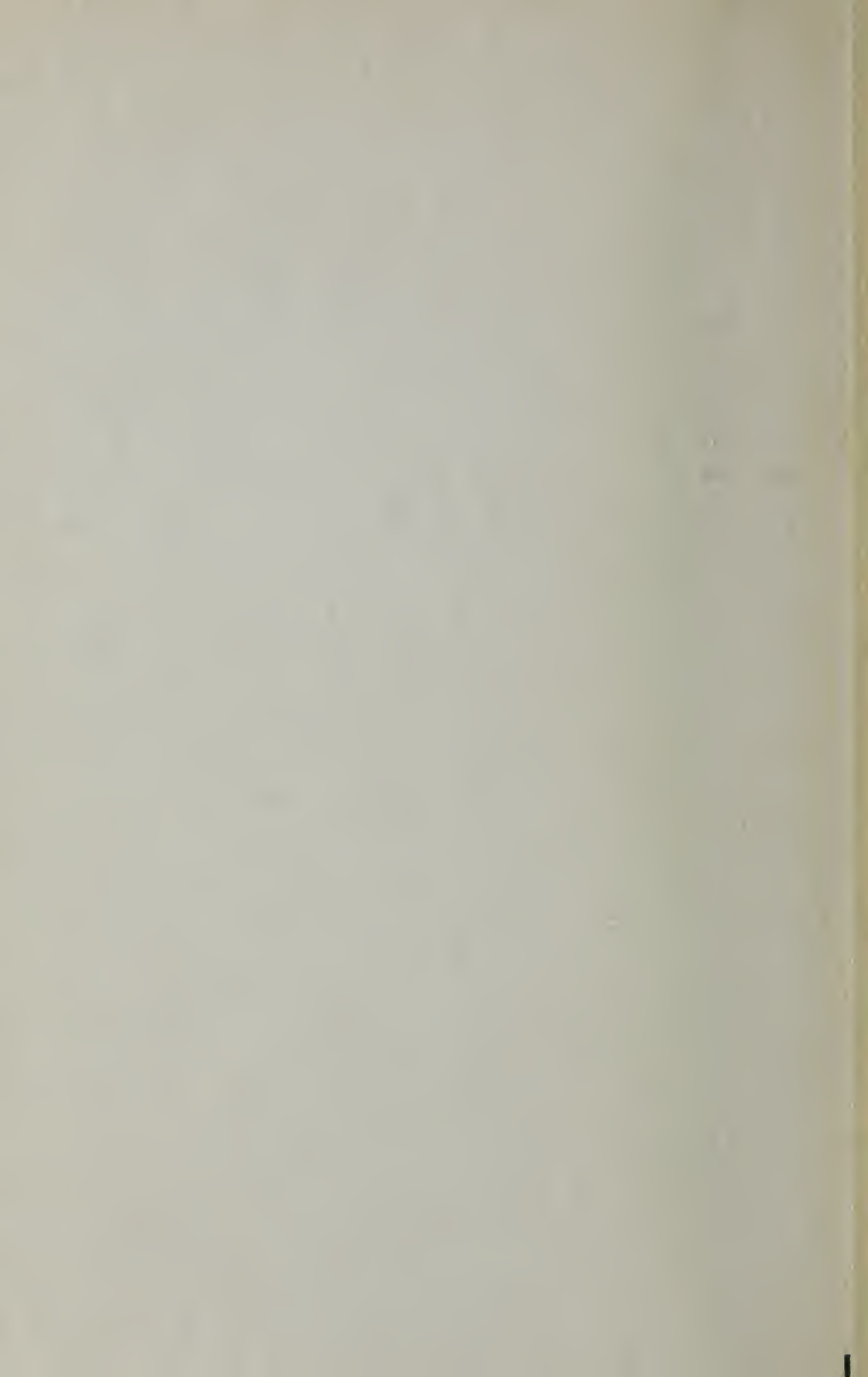
Clemson College Chronicle

May 1902

Containing "Class History"

"Class of 1902"

and pictures of the class.





Taps Class of 1902

# CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE

M A Y

Vol. V 1902 No. 8

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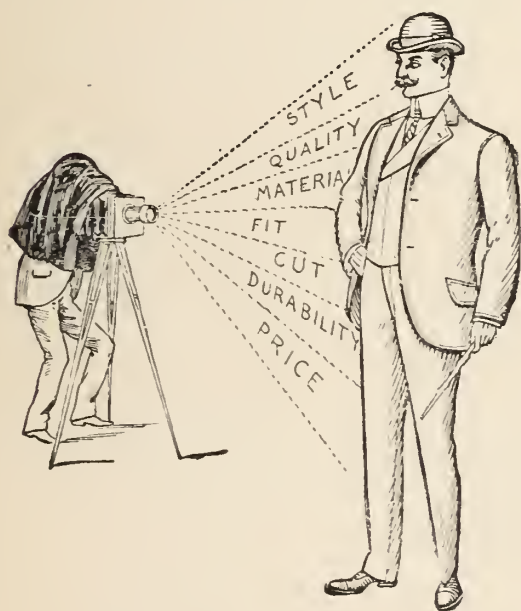
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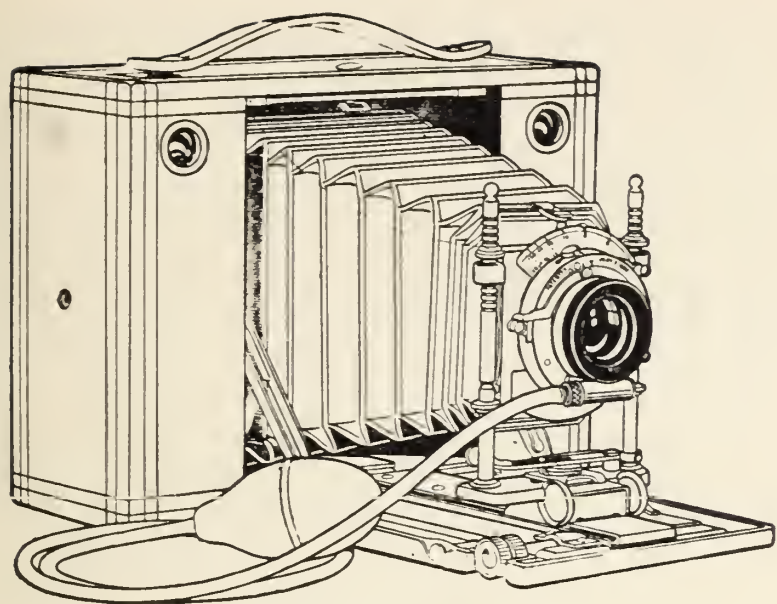
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# The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

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VOL. V.

CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., MAY, 1902

No. 8

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W. E. G. BLACK, }  
V. B. HALL, }

- - - - - EDITORS

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## Gentleman Jim

For three years Jim Gregory had worked in a diamond mine near Kimberly. In that time he had won the love and respect of the inhabitants of the town in which he lived. The simple folks with whom he came in contact made no efforts to pry into his past; they only knew his name—Jim Gregory, and that when the Sea Gull dropped anchor in a near-by port, three summers before, he had been among her passengers. A few days later he had sought and obtained employment in the Excelsior Mines.

Although he wore the rough garb of his co-laborers, there was much in his manner and appearance that even to their rude gaze was indicative of better times; so much so that they gained for him the nick-name of "Gentleman Jim." His earnings were ever at the disposal of the widow and the orphan; children loved him devotedly, and his greatest pleas-



ure seemed to be in teaching them when his day's work was over. When sickness desolated the village, Jim was the gentle nurse, who went from home to home, soothing the sick, comforting the dying, and caring for those whose dear ones or main-stay had been summoned to the great beyond.

During the last rainy season, fears were entertained for the safety of the mines. Late one afternoon as the men were nearing the opening of the "Baby" mine, a crash was heard that struck terror to the hearts of those on whose ears it fell. All the miners had emerged to the light of day, except Bill McKormick, a widow's only son, and Jim. Realizing their impending fate as they neared the opening, Jim caught the boy with a giant grasp, and hurled him clear of danger. Then, with deafening noise, the shaft fell in.

When the rocks and timbers were cleared away, they bore Jim's body to the light. Rough miners gently laid him on the turf; with tear-dimmed vision, they opened his shirt to see the wounds that had killed him. On his blood-stained bosom they found a small case, containing the picture of a fair young girl, and a card on which was pinned a withered rose; beneath it had been written "all perished, except the thorn." They laid him to rest near the beach, where he had loved to wander. The waves of the restless ocean sound his requiem and the rays of the setting sun seem to linger caressingly on the wooden slab that toil-stained but loving hands erected to the memory of one who had died for his fellow-man.

\* \* \* \* \*

£100 reward for information that will lead to the whereabouts of Sir James Gordon, second son of Sir William Gordon, Bart., of L—shire, England; was thought to have sailed on the *Sea Gull*, when she left England nearly four years ago. Communicate with Bailey & Brooks, solicitors, London, Eng.



This advertisement met the gaze of Henry Robertson, manager of the Excelsior Mines, as he hastily glanced over some papers that had just come from Southampton. By the same mail, he had received unexpected summons to return to England on important business, when the boat sailed for home. As the deepening twilight rendered reading impossible, and as he did not wish to have the lamps lighted early, he drew his chair by an open window to enjoy the evening breeze. Musing, his thoughts reverted to the notice he had just read; one idea suggested another, until finally having, seemingly, arrived at some definite conclusion, he said half aloud, "It's worth the trouble; I'll try it."

Arriving in England, and having transacted the business for which he had been called home, Henry thought again of the possible reward in store for him. The following afternoon, he presented himself at the office of Bailey & Brooks. On presenting his card, he was ushered into the presence of Mr. Bailey, the senior member of the firm.

Having stated his mission, he drew from his pocket the photograph that for years had lain on the heart of "Gentleman Jim." The old solicitor adjusted his glasses, moved nearer to the light, and gazed intently at the picture before him.

"Yes, yes," he said, half to himself, "that is surely the face of Alice Mordaunt as she looked before she cast love from her, broke a good man's heart, and sold herself into gilded misery—well, I suppose 'the jingle of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels.' "

Then turning to Henry, he thus began: "Young man, you have earned the reward offered for knowledge of Sir James Gordon. I deeply regret the tidings that you bear; they can but bring sorrow to those who loved that noble boy. It is only just that I should tell you something of his history:

“Sir James was the second son of Sir William Gordon, and was a general favorite with all who knew him. For years he had been engaged to Alice Mordaunt, whose father owned property that joined Sir William’s lands. Though James possessed only the meagre income of a second son, all of his friends predicted much happiness for the fair girl he had won. Shortly before the marriage was to have taken place, the eldest son, Sir Cecil, returned from his travels on the Continent. It was soon evident that the course of true love no longer ran smooth, and few were astonished to hear that Miss Alice had broken the engagement, and would soon wed Sir Cecil. James lingered in England until after the marriage was celebrated. Some say that he was in church during the ceremony, though not among the wedding guests. Shortly after he disappeared, and none have heard tidings of him until this day. The reason for this advertisement was that Sir Cecil had been suddenly killed while on a fox hunt, and dying without heirs, it was necessary to seek his only brother. Fate did not reward Alice for her perfidy; she could not purchase the happiness she had denied another. It is but just that she should suffer even as she made that youth whose

‘Glorious, chivalric deed  
Shall not perish as long as men hold this creed—  
That the hero whose blood for his kind is shed  
Wins a deathless fame and an honored bed;  
A monument grander than sculptor e’er gave,  
In the glory that hallows the martyr’s grave.’ ”

G. D. L., '03.

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### Another Reply

In spite of a natural dislike for controversy, I feel that I

cannot do less than sustain the position which I have previously taken in regard to social intercourse between students and faculty. This is a subject which well deserves consideration, and I am truly glad that the opposing views are being presented, because it will only serve to assist me in exposing the absurdity of the objections raised to social relations between student body and faculty.

It was with a view of bringing this phase of college life to the attention of the students and faculty, and with the hope of making the environments more pleasant and profitable for both, that I first mentioned it; and it is in this same spirit that I answer erroneous and misleading views that may be presented on the opposite side. I do not pose as an unquestionable authority on this subject, though I have given some special thought to it from the standpoint of a disinterested observer. I say disinterested, because, in common with nearly all of the students, I have received none of the sweets of society by *visiting* the professors, and I do not hope to receive any. I claim to possess no unusual insight into matters of this kind, but I believe that I can modestly claim for myself the ability to draw as correct conclusions after five years experience as others can from three years experience. I regret to notice that my friend is laboring under a wrong impression. He has charged me with overlooking the argument in his February article, and analyzing his phraseology and exposing his literary short-comings. I am exceedingly sorry that he has so misconstrued my reply, for I am sure I was only after the argument; I did not intend to point out any defects in his phraseology, because I think that he uses fairly good English. If, however, there was some room for this construction of my reply, it might be accounted for to some extent by the fact that his note contained more elegant language and rhetorical flights than convincing argument.

Coming to the arguments advanced in the April issue, my



friend takes the position that social intercourse is not desirable, because but few invitations are extended to the cadets by the professors, and that the cadets do not respond to these with alacrity. Now before this doctrine is accepted we must find out if the students and faculty are pleased with this condition. I know of no better way of finding out than to let them answer for themselves. I have recently gotten the sentiment of enough professors to assure me that the faculty is by no means pleased with the conditions; and this discussion has caused numbers of students to speak to me about it, and nearly all that have expressed themselves to me regret that the conditions are as we have them. This shows that action is not a criterion of inward desires in this case. We may with safety charge this condition in part to hurtful and undesirable influences, which operated in the early history of the college and established a sentiment against social intercourse, which has been handed down to the present generation of students. Speaking in broad, general terms and granting a few exceptions, I feel perfectly safe in asserting that a better social condition is very much desired by both students and professors.

The plea that social intercourse engenders partiality, and causes unfairness is entirely unwarranted. I take the ground that social intercourse does not in any way interfere with fair competition among the students. I admit, however, that it is absolutely impossible for a professor to meet a class of students very long without having his favorites among them. Professors are human beings, possessing human instincts, and subject to human errors. So it is with students. Students have their favorites among the professors just from what they see of them in the class room, and the professors have their favorites among the students from what they see of them in the class room, whether or not they ever see or speak to them at any other place. These

favoritisms are inevitable, they are bound to exist so long as students and professors possess human idiosyncracies. But I make the positive statement without qualification and without the fear of successful contradiction, that at this place they are not the outcome of social intercourse. The limited social intercourse has resulted from them. I have been here five years and I have yet to learn of a single instance where a student has been invited out by a professor unless that student has previously become a favorite of the professor. Under our present conditions the professors form their likes and dislikes for the students in the class room, and then if it is desirable they invite those students out whom they like best. When an invitation is extended to a student, this is only the external evidence of the internal regard which the professor has for that student, and incidentally it is evidence that this student has become a favorite of that professor. He was then a favorite before any social relation ever existed between them. Let any one fail to recognize that these favoritisms precede social intercourse, and he will "*exhibit a lack of observation woeful to behold.*"

So we can eliminate the erroneous conception that favoritisms are caused by social intercourse.

As stated above these favoritisms are bound to exist regardless of social conditions. The social conditions will never reach the stage where none of these favorites will be invited out, and under our present conditions whenever a student accepts these favors, he creates a certain amount of jealousy on the part of his fellow-students. It was with a view of eliminating this particular objection that I advocated the entertainment of the students as sections or as classes, and thereby eradicating all manifestations of the personal likes or dislikes which the professors may have for the individual students. But my friend argues that this ought not to be done, because some of the students are more entertaining and

interesting in society than others. That they are more polished and better informed as to the usages of society, and that this would enable them to shine as a lustrous beacon in contrast with their less brilliant friends, and consequently cause them to receive the most attention from the professors and their families. This may all be true, but we can say with equal sagacity that some students shine better in the class room than others, some shine better in literary societies than others, and some shine better on the athletic field than others. One man shines best in one place, and another in still another place. Possibly no one shines very bright in more than one place, so if the man that shines so brightly in society has no opportunity to shine there, he cannot shine at all. I simply ask, is it common sense to deny the entire student body a privilege simply because some have greater abilities to use it than others? This is an absurdity, a ridiculous idea. You had just as well say that we will have no literary societies and no athletics because some are more fluent speakers or more active athletes than others and will consequently win more laurels for themselves. You had just as well go still farther and say that we will have no colleges because some students will out shine others.

I do not claim that such a radical improvement can be accomplished as would be necessary to "convert a sow's ear into a silken purse," but I do claim that it would help the students to some extent to feel that ease and freedom and dignity which is expected to characterize college bred men, and which can hardly be attained except by the enobling and uplifting influence of feminine association. Besides this the time could be more pleasantly spent visiting the home of a professor than in a dungeon. And our barracks are no more than a dungeon, so far as its social advantages are concerned. I am not yet ready to intimate that the Clemson students are so uninteresting that their presence cannot in





SENIOR AGRICULTURALS '02



some measure remunerate the professors for their sacrifice in entertaining them. My friend has admitted that the professors can do for the students what can be done for a monkey—teach them mannerisms. If this can be done, we can ask for nothing more. We cannot hope to change a man's whole motives and inward being by such a simple process, but if we can give them mannerisms, the result would be worth the trouble, for these mannerisms are exceedingly important in order that our inward graces may be made manifest. I am aware of the fact that it makes very little difference whether or not we know just how many fingers to use in holding a cup of tea, or at what angle we should hold our elbows when it becomes necessary to shake the hand of another. These fine points need never worry us. In fact they are so insignificant that they should not be mentioned. Practical business people cannot hope to keep up with all of the changing rules of society, but there are some unchangeable accomplishments, which will serve you well on all occasions—notably common politeness, and a free and easy air in the presence of ladies and strangers or in social gatherings. These things come to us very largely through practice, and association with people where we are placed upon our dignity. It seems to me that this phase of a student's development would decline considerably in four long years while excluded from all these helpful influences, while the benefit of them would serve a very desirable purpose. So we may with safety claim that social intercourse will not only serve to improve the rough and unpolished students, but also to prevent social retrogression on the part of those students who have had the very best social advantages before entering college. I cannot refrain from believing that, in every congenial home or family circle, there are certain restraining, enobling and elevating influences which can never be felt in the presence of the most select company of cadets.



I wish to say in reply to one of my friend's suggestions that if there is any professor on our faculty who cannot entertain a party of students in his home without showing partiality and thereby embarrassing the unfortunate students, he is not worthy of his title, and should be kicked out of the college. If I felt that our professors and their families were made of such material as that, I would leave here to-morrow and refuse to accept a diploma bearing their signatures.

My friend sees another insurmountable difficulty in the fact that the average cottage on the "Hill" is small and cannot comfortably receive a section or a class. I admit that this is a disadvantage; but I recall the fact that in the Bible there is a passage which beautifully illustrates the fact that each person is only expected to give an account of his individual abilities, and it makes no difference whether he possesses one, three, or five talents. So each professor is only expected to do what he can in this matter. If he cannot entertain a section or a class, let him take five, ten, fifteen or such number of students as will correspond with his individual circumstances.

I would like to write more on this subject, but lack of space prevents it; so I will close by saying and emphasizing that social intercourse between students and faculty is desirable, feasible, and beneficial.

E. B. BOYKIN.

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### Richard O'Bryan—Schoolmaster

He was an austere man, this country school-master, and his motto was, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." He taught in a small, two-room lop-sided building which faced the public road, was bounded on the east by a dense swamp through which flowed Peg branch. On the north and west was a dense forest in which the bare-footed urchins, with

unkempt hair, corduroy trousers and cotton "gallowses" used to chase the freckled-faced milk-maids, who were chosen for the wily fox, the boys gallantly volunteering as hounds.

This old school-master bore a striking resemblance to Washington Irving's "Ichabod Crane." He was long rather than tall, for from the ground to the crown of his head was less than six feet, but by the circuitous route of his spinal column, it must have been several inches more. His knees were slightly sprung, doubtless caused by constantly dangling them from a high, three-legged stool. His beady black eyes were entrenched behind a huge pair of spectacles, the gutta percha frame work of which rose like an arch to a cathedral entrance, to a level with his bald pate. His teeth could almost be counted through his thin, hollow cheeks; and his pointed chin, poorly screened by a scattering growth of tobacco-stained grey hairs, came in close proximity to his hawk-billed nose. His long, lanky arms lay idly across his lap except when wielding a stout birch rod, which composed the gymnasium of himself and pupils.

This old school-master lived some three miles from his school house, but be it said to the honor of his flea-bitten grey charger, he was never known to be more than two hours late. He always brought his lunch to school, swung over his right arm in a tin bucket; on his left he carried a homespun sack into which was stuffed a "Blue-back Speller," copy book, arithmetic and diverse other implements of mental torture. Behind his raw-hide saddle was strapped the provender of his faithful "Locomotive," as the boys were fond of calling his antiquated grey.

Between the hours of nine and twelve, the school-master's monk-like chant resounded through the quiet room, broken occasionally by a resounding whack on the devoted head of some luckless bumpkin.

At twelve, the signal for recess was given by ringing an ancient dinner bell, and ere the echo had died away, the school-room was empty. Each pupil betook himself to some friendly shade tree, and there with his tin bucket between his knees, made short work of his noonday meal. The school-master, by virtue of his position, remained indoors and dined as became one of his dignity. Perched on his elevated tripod with his tin bucket firmly clasped between his knees, he searched the inmost recesses of his food receptacle with his long, bony fingers.

Now this old school-master's only joy was his rum bottle, to which he made rather constant visits on those days when the weather was especially inclement. When in one of his semi-intoxicated conditions, he became very gay and witty, but if he chanced to overestimate his capacity for strong drink, he became contumacious and actually cruel in his treatment of his pupils. It was in one of these savage spells that the old man last parted with his pupils. On a bitter cold day of December, '93, after school had been disbanded for the day, the old school-master stood in the door-way of his school-room and looked out upon the snow-covered earth, shivering at the thought of his three mile ride. To "keep out the cold" he frequently resorted to his gin bottle ere he departed on his homeward way. Now on this particular occasion he so greatly overestimated his capacity for cheap gin, that his reason was completely dethroned. He staggered out into the blinding snow and by chance found his faithful "Locomotive." After many futile attempts, he succeeded in getting astride his charger's back. He reined into the first opening which presented itself to view, which chanced to be a bridle path leading into the woods. The old man with whip and spur urged his horse to its top speed. After about a mile of this mad gallop, they came to a large oak, whose lowest branches spread fan-shaped over the path,



at about the height of a man's head. Regardless of the impending danger, the drunken old pedagogue rushed beneath the over-hanging branches. The horse emerged on the other side but the rider was nowhere visible. His head had slipped between two forking limbs, his support had passed from beneath him, leaving him drunken, half-frozen, half-stunned; hanged by the hand of fate. Three days later the body was found hanging from the tree. The eyes were protruded, tongue hanging out, with his bony hands firmly grasping the fatal limbs. The public was cordially invited, by the student body, to attend the burial on the following forenoon. At the appointed hour, a vast concourse of rustics were assembled, foremost among which were the students of Peg branch school. Some were equal to the occasion and shed tears of genuine sympathy, but others could only assume a grieved look, and with hands stuffed deep in their pockets, a straw in their mouths and head cocked to one side, they viewed the ceremony with silent unconcern.

To-day, in the northeast corner of Tabernacle churchyard, stands a small marble slab bearing this inscription:

"Richard O'Bryan,  
Born—God knows when.  
Died—From drinking one X gin."  
D. H. S., '02.

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### Speech on the Philippine Question

(*Resolved*, That the United States should continue to pursue its present policy in reference to the Philippines.)

The past three years have been momentous ones in the annals of our country. During that time, history, rapid and unusual, has been made. The surges of events have beaten upon the olden shores. War, waged upon abnormal and

exceptional issues, has broken in upon the even tenor of our way and disturbed the usual serenity of our reflections.

When the treaty with Spain was signed on December 10, 1898, and the Philippine Islands were ceded to us, it became necessary for the United States to formulate some policy toward the islands. Upon the question of what that policy should be, the two great parties of the United States held opposite views. Democrats advocated the granting of independence upon the ground that it was the *only* consistent policy, since we had been their allies in their late war with Spain; Republicans, I know not why, advocated the governing of the islands as a colony of the United States. The Republicans being in the majority in Congress, obtained the adoption of their policy. Accordingly, the President published a proclamation to the Filipinos asserting the sovereignty of the United States over them. It is true that the advocates of this colonial policy did not then admit that it was the intention of the government to hold the islands in perpetuity, but there is not a single advocate of that policy to-day who will deny that such is its intention. The bills introduced in Congress which have reference to the Philippines are as permanent measures as any ever enacted in our legislative halls.

As soon as the Filipinos perceived that it was not our intention to grant them independence, which they had just won from Spain, they took up their muskets against us. The President, alarmed at the position they had taken, issued a call to a liberty-loving people for seventy-five thousand volunteers to crush the spirit of liberty in the hearts of those people of the far away islands. Thus was begun a war which will leave a black spot upon our country's hitherto stainless character. Volunteers many in number were called for, and now after three years of hard fighting the Filipinos have been almost overpowered. The Administra-

tion is congratulating itself for the success which has crowned its efforts and is hoping that the time is not far hence "when every knee shall bow" in submission to the United States.

I desire to call your attention to a few facts which, I think, should furnish not a reason for congratulations but *rather* a reason for profoundest thought on the part of our citizens. The first is: that the policy which we are pursuing is morally wrong. At the time of the Revolutionary War there was practically but one form of government in existence. It recognized that all powers of government were vested in one man, and that he could grant such privileges to his subjects as he deemed proper. Such a government was called a monarchy. It was in the early years of our colonial history that the people along the Atlantic shore began to reason why one man should have power to rule another. Their reasoning ere long was crystallized in the principles of the Declaration of Independence, the grandest writing ever penned by man. Among other things this document declares that "man is entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and to attain these ends, "governments are instituted among men, deriving their just power from the consent of the governed." These principles are declared to be self-evident truths. They form the basis of the moral law. Any violation of these truths is a violation of the moral law itself. I know that some will say that the Filipinos are ignorant and incapable of self-government and therefore we should govern them that they might attain "life, liberty, and the pursuits of happiness." It is the doctrine of thrones that man is too ignorant to govern himself. In our colonial days, George III. spoke of us as "ignorant backwoods men," and incapable of governing ourselves. There may be degrees of proficiency in self-government, but it is a reflection on the Creator himself to say that he denied to any people the capacity for self-government.



The second is: that the policy of conquest is entailing an immense debt upon the people of the United States. The statistics put the cost last year as eighty million dollars, making a total cost since the war began of over three hundred million dollars. Although real war has practically ceased, a war of conquest is bound to leave its legacy of hatred ranking in the breast of the conquered. Experienced officers tell us that it will take an army of thirty thousand men to garrison the islands for thirty years. The average cost per annum for a soldier is fifteen-hundred dollars; hence to keep such an army as is needed there, requires the expenditure of one billion four hundred and fifty million dollars. Besides this enormous loss in dollars and cents, we have the many thousand lives sacrificed on the battlefield and in the hospitals. We have already sent one hundred and twenty thousand men to those islands; how many we have left there and how many have returned to fill early graves God only knows.

There are some who would justify this sacrifice of life and money upon the ground that it offers a field for increased commercial possibilities. Against the sordid doctrine of those who would put a price upon the head of an American soldier and justify a war of conquest upon the ground that it will pay, I desire to place the philosophy of Franklin, who said, "To me, it seems that neither the obtaining nor retaining of trade is an object for which men may justly spill each others blood."

Then, there is the further fact that our commerce in those islands has not increased, although we have owned them for three years. We exported to them last year goods to the amount of a little over two million dollars, most of which was for our army, while Great Britain exported over twice as much. Ladies and gentlemen, it is not necessary to own a people before we can trade with them.

The idea that we can control the Oriental trade through

Manila is fanciful. That port is not on the route of ships from our Pacific coast; in fact, it is a thousand miles from the line of travel of those steamships, that line passing by and within two hundred miles of the Aleutian Islands. If we want the trade of China we must seek it at the great seaboard cities of the empire. The American consul at Canton says that for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars we can obtain a concession across the river from that place. Such a concession would be ample enough for all our trade and manufacturing purposes.

The third is: that the colonial system of government has proved in nearly every instance a miserable failure. The business of governing the world has largely for the last century devolved upon Great Britain, and I call your attention to the fact that Ireland, one of her oldest colonies, presents the only example of a civilized nation of the world declining in population, that the government in India is a government of tyranny and robbery from beginning to end. Look, if you please, at the miserable condition of Cuba and the Philippines, themselves, under the Spanish rule. The cruelties and atrocities perpetrated in those islands under the name of government are unparalleled in the history of the world. I do not believe that under American rule such crimes would be permitted. I believe that of all nations of the world the United States would exercise the most lenient form of colonial government. But history teaches us that a "long distance" government has always been a detriment to the people so governed.

The fourth is: That a policy of colonization is a departure from our former practice. We, as a nation, have stood heretofore as a brilliant example to every people struggling for national independence. For seven long years we waged a war against Great Britain for liberty. For one hundred and twenty-five years we have posed as the guardians of that

sacred right. It was in behalf of this right that Patrick Henry declared, "Give me liberty, or give me death." When Monroe said to the European governments in 1803, "You shall not colonize any more of the territory of the Western Hemisphere," he said it in behalf of the American people. Alas! how different our ideas are from what they were a hundred years ago! Then we protected liberty. Now we are endeavoring to crush it.

"The love of liberty, the aspirations for freedom, are natural passions of the human heart. In all ages of the world, in all lands and climes, these passions have lived. They have defied the edict of kings. They have paid the last full measure of devotion at the stake. They have shed undying lustre upon countless fields of battle in all the dark and gloomy past." They are pouring out the life-blood of an unfortunate people upon the thirsty ground of the Philippine Islands. How long shall this be allowed to continue? How long will the people of the United States permit the subjugation of those islanders? The shades of our forefathers, of Patrick Henry, of George Washington, say, "Stop it now!"

I am not alarmed by the statements of any one who says that we are bound in honor to remain in the Philippines. Listen to him as he appeals to the nation's pride: "Would you pull down our honored flag from the ramparts of Manila after it has been placed there by our brave soldiers?" "Would you flee from the face of the enemy? The American soldier has never before run from an enemy, though ever so formidable; would you have us flee from a small body of Filipinos?" I can conceive of no greater service done in behalf of my country than to pull down its flag from where it has ceased to represent the sentiments of its first defenders. Better a thousand times that our flag in the Philippines give way to a flag representing self-government than that it should become the emblem of an empire.



The fifth and last fact to which I wish to call your attention is this: That a colonial system of government will produce an empire at home. I take it that there is not a man or woman in this house who would say, "Let us make the Filipino citizens." They are a people, alien to us in blood, traditions, religion, race and character, and we cannot hope to make them an integral part of our citizenship. Then we must treat them as subjects and govern them as possessions. This is imperialism. The advocates of the colonial policy, conscious of the weakness of their cause, seek to confuse expansion with imperialism. The forcible annexation of territory to be governed by an arbitrary power differs as much from the acquisition of territory to be built up into States as a monarchy differs from democracy. "The acquisition of Louisiana, Florida, Texas, and other tracts which have been secured from time to time, enlarged the republic and the Constitution followed the flag into the new territory. It is now proposed to seize upon distant territory and to force upon the inhabitants a form of government for which there is no warrant either in our Constitution or in our laws.

A continual violation by a nation of the fundamental principles of its government cannot but soon result in a radical change in its government. We cannot have a republican government for ourselves and an imperialistic government for our colonies. Sooner or later republican government must extend over the colonies or imperialistic government over the States. Why? Because there must of necessity arise two schools of politics—the one claiming the equality of all men and the other advocating the power of some to rule others. The first will contain the humble citizens. The second, the Imperial school, will contain the people of wealth and their dependents. These two schools will battle not only for a recognition of their principles, but for an extension of the same; and it is one of the saddest lessons in the history

of the old republics that whenever these two schools have met the Imperialistic school by its dazzling influence of wealth has always won.

Let us hope that our admiration for the patriots of '76 and our love for those inalienable rights of men embodied in the Declaration of Independence will prevent such a calamity from befalling our country.

Our forefathers founded the most benign government ever established by man. Its example has done more for down-trodden humanity than all the acts of charity since time began. Its principles of liberty have produced a civilization more splendid than could ever have been imagined. To jeopardize those principles would, in my opinion, be the most fatal error ever committed by the American people.

Let us, then, have done with this un-American policy of colonization. In the name of the great American Republic, the only great republic ever founded upon the principles of liberty, let us turn away from the tint and tinsel, pomp and splendor of the "God of Imperialism and return once more to the God of our fathers to worship at the more congenial shrine of freedom and liberty. G. F. N., '03.

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### John's First Trip to College

We shall call the "Rat," whose story we are about to tell, John. He lived in the country not many miles from D—. His father had lived on the farm from early childhood, and, as the war came on during his boyhood days, he had but little chance to go to school. This did not make him as narrow, however, as some of his neighbors, who held that they were getting on very well without any "schooling," and that they did not see the use of letting any young fellow lose so much time at school. As stated before, John's father did not look

upon the matter of education in such a light, and, as soon as John had reached his sixth year he was sent to a small country school, presided over by a lady of some years, who having given up all hope of finding a protector, had resorted to spectacles and school teaching as a means of taking care of herself. She was naturally cross, and of course there was nothing left for John and the other small boys of school to do but to become very obedient because of the love which most small boys entertain for their teachers. Her being strict was the cause of John's learning his lessons from day to day, and the reader will not be surprised to learn that he was prepared to enter the first grade at the town school, after only two sessions under his able instructor.

When John's father was informed that he was prepared to enter the village school, he made arrangements to send him. He learned very readily under his new teachers and soon became a favorite with them. He rose grade after grade, and, when he was fifteen years of age, left the village school with the praise of his teachers, a certificate of his accomplishments, and a notion in his head that he was a pretty smart young fellow. His father was very proud of him and thought next of sending him to college. Many catalogues were sent him, but the one from Clemson suited him best of all, and it was decided to send John to Clemson. An application was filed and soon a letter came informing John that a place would be held for him, and that he might report for duty on September twelfth.

Preparations were immediately begun for John's first trip. John longed for the day to come. He thought of what a figure the boy who had come out first at school in D— should cut when he reached college and presented his certificate. He longed for the time to come when he could walk up to the head of the college, tell him that he was John —, of D—, and be offered a seat near the first in college. He thought



that his certificate would admit him into almost any class that he chose, and had made up his mind to enter Soph. so that he would be a source of wonder to the other "Rats," who could only enter "Fresh and Prep." At last the longed-for day came. John was up early, but somehow he did not feel so happy over the thought of his departure. Walking about the farm, he thought that it would be quite fine just to stay there all the time. He was not left long to his thoughts, however, for soon he was called to do some final minor tasks regarding his departure. He tied his trunk securely, helped his mother tie up his lunch boxes and then the family sat down to eat breakfast together for the last time for many months. John thought of this and was very quiet all the while. As soon as breakfast was over he put his trunk in the wagon, told all good-bye, received the last cautions from his mother about being a good boy, and then got into the buggy with his father to go to the depot.

Arriving there, he found that the train was due in a very few minutes, so he bought his ticket, checked his trunk and began to tell his comrades good-bye. He felt very uncomfortable all the while, but especially so when the boys began to tell him about what would happen to him when he got to Clemson.

The train came just at this time, and as John turned to say good-bye to his father, a boy with a uniform on called to him from the window, "Say, 'Rat,' hurry up and get on, I want my shoes shined." John heard the command, but tried to appear not to notice it. He stepped boldly on the train, but had hardly gotten on the platform, when a crowd met him. He heard: "Hello, Rat!" "What's your name?" "What have you in that box?" "Why can't you take off your hat when you talk to us?" and a great many other questions, which so dazed him that he hardly knew what he was doing, until one of the boys took his hat off for him, when he meekly said,

"thank you." Soon one of the boys noticed John's lunch boxes, and with a wink, ordered the others to let the "rat" alone. John thought that he understood the wink, but was too glad to be left alone to say anything. When the train reached the next station, the attention of the boys was taken up by two "rats" who took the train at that point, and John was left alone for some time. When he was spoken to after that it was in a very friendly manner and soon John began to think that his troubles were all over. To make sure that all were his friends, he opened up all his lunch and called up all to eat with him. All of the old boys came and for a few minutes John was the best "rat" in the lot. He was very happy and was congratulating himself on making so many friends, when he thought that he noticed a change in the attitude of the boys toward him. This thought was verified, when he heard one of the boys remark, as he wiped his mouth: "that rat will wish that he had his grub before night." Just about that time John began to feel that he was not quite such a knowing young man after all.

Every boy that joined the ever-increasing crowd, came with a great many questions and jeers, and the remainder of John's journey was spent in thinking of many things and wishing that he was at home. He had no more lunch to buy a few happy moments with and he felt like crying.

After a while, however, the crowd left him, with a promise of a visit as soon as they got to the college. When left alone, John ran his hand into his pocket to see if his certificate was safe. Then he thought of how he could astound the whole crowd by showing it, but decided not to do so until he got to college. John asked a sick looking "rat," sitting near him, what class he was going to try for, and when told that he thought that he could get into Fresh. or "Prep," spoke up quickly and said that he knew that he could enter Soph.

After what seemed an age John heard one of the boys say that the next stop was at Cherry's, so gathering up what he had left he made ready to get off. When the train stopped he looked out of the window to find out what all the boys were running for, and soon he found that all the buggies and hacks were filled and that he must walk about two miles to get to the college. He got in with a crowd of "rats" and they all walked over together, each telling of what he thought would be his fate when he got there. Soon they came in front of the barracks, and now we'll follow John. He came up to the top of the hill and stopped; for he saw on either side of the gang-way that leads into barracks, a long row of paddles and straps. John made up his mind to wait awhile before going in, but soon one of the boys came up, shook hands with him and told him to follow him through and he would take care of him. Then John thought that at least one man in the crowd had seen that he was no ordinary "rat," and following his leader, he approached the line of paddles. As they came very near the row, his guide suddenly stepped aside and gave John a push that sent him well in between the rows of paddles, which now began to fall on him at a great rate. He could not turn back, so he wisely decided to go ahead. Ducking his head, he ran for the door at the other end of the row—and, when he reached this, found himself in a long hall with doors on either side. John ran into the first door and asked a boy, whom he found there, where he could find the President. He was shown the way and soon he walked into the President's office, and found himself face to face with that official. He drew his certificate out and presented it; but was rather surprised when the President merely glanced at it and handed it back to him, telling him to come back to-morrow, prepared to stand his entrance examinations. John wondered why the President did not pay more attention to a paper signed by the most







learned man in his country, but comforted himself by thinking that the President did not notice the name on the certificate, as he was very busy. John took the card that the President gave him and returned to barracks where he was assigned to a room. He went out to find his trunk and after carrying in a number of them for the older boys, dragged his own to his room and sat on it as most "rats" do when they first get to Clemson. He had not been in his room long before he heard a great noise in the hall; and suddenly his door was burst open and a great many boys came in with all kinds of "persuaders" to make him speak and sing. John got up on the table and made his speech, sang his song, and was wondering what he was to do next, when suddenly the table was no longer under him and he fell to the floor amid many licks from the paddles, etc. He got up and found the room empty, so he locked his door and made up his bed to sleep for the night. He was not troubled any more during the night except to climb the ventilator pipe for another crowd singing as he climbed: "I am coming, Lord." When he had done this and the crowd had gone out, he crawled into bed and was soon asleep. He had not been asleep very long, however, before he awoke to find that he was on the floor, with bed, mattress and everything else on top of him. John got up and made up his bed again, putting the mattress on the floor this time to prevent being "turned" again. He knew now what the boys meant by being "turned," but he failed to see the fun in it. After the "turning" he was not troubled any more, so he slept until he was waked by the bugle next morning. He got up and followed the crowd down to breakfast and after having his coffee and milk salted several times, gave up the hope of eating anything and came out. He thought of going home, but remembered how the boys there would guy him, consequently, he determined to stay a few days longer.



He next went to the President with his certificate, and although he was not busy at the time, still he did not appreciate John's certificate with the great name signed. John thought of telling him about it, but was not given a chance; for he was soon shown to a room on the door of which a sign read: "Examination in Mathematics for Sophomore Class." John walked in. He was seated along with the others, and told to answer the questions on the board. Somehow John did not recognize the symbols used in the problems. He asked the professor in charge what they meant, and, as a result, was shown to a room across the hall, the sign of which read: "Examination in Mathematics for Freshman Class." John entered and read over the questions, but only found one at the first that he knew anything at all about, consequently he walked out and went into another door, where he passed an examination for Sub-Freshman Class. John was much taken down and, when alone in his room again, decided that the name on his certificate was not so big after all. He slowly tore the paper into fine pieces and threw them out of the window. Then he found that after all John was a very small man. He sat down and told the whole story to his parents, and then began to work to become a larger man. He finishes next year, but even now he does not feel so large as the John who left his home in D— armed with a certificate which would take him anywhere.

G., '03.

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### A Protest Against Child Labor in Cotton Mills

South Carolina holds to-day the second place in the Union in cotton manufacture. She controls one-third of the spindles, and forty per cent. of the looms of the South. This necessitates a large mill population. It can be easily seen

that this enormous mill population will furnish a large percentage of our future citizens, and that upon them will depend to a large extent the future safety and perpetuity of our democratic institutions. History teaches us that freedom and republican institutions can only exist where there is a wise and intelligent citizenship. The question, therefore, which confronts us is: "Can we allow child labor in our mills and still retain an unimpaired citizenship, and consequently the honor and greatness of our State?" This is a question which deserves our most earnest and patriotic consideration. And in this discussion I do not wish to stir you up or arouse your sympathies by making exaggerated statements, and picturing to you scenes of suffering and sorrow that do not exist. Nor am I even going to show you the true picture of the helpless and unwilling children as they are driven with silent sobs and tearful eyes from their homes to the mills. I invite you to consider this question not from a sentimental, but from a practical and patriotic point of view.

One of the foremost points for us to consider is: "Is it good for the children themselves to work in cotton mills?" The experience of other manufacturing countries leads me to answer *no*. In England it has been shown that four to six hours a day in mills for children between the ages of 11 and 13 stunts their growth six inches, and diminishes their weight by 22 pounds, below the average English child who is a full day scholar up to 13. The affect must be a great deal worse with us where the climate is warm, and the children are required to work 12 hours a day. Besides this, we have the positive admission of mill authorities that the labor of little children in mills is injurious to them physically and mentally; and this goes without argument. There can be no perfect system of ventilating a cotton mill. The atmosphere is filled with flying lint, which often brings on throat and lung troubles, while the sudden change from the hot factory

to the early morning and late evening mist frequently causes pneumonia. These conditions, ladies and gentlemen, tell far more frequently and fatally on the unformed constitutions of children than on the grown workers. An eminent authority has recently said: "I am familiar with the slums of two continents, but I can say I have never seen a more pitiful sight than the mill children, nor known little ones for whom the outlook was more hopeless. It is not only that they are pale, shrunk and bowed—they look as if their brains were hypnotized and their souls paralyzed." This man only gave expression to the conviction of thousands of others who are in a position to know the true conditions. I wish to call your special attention to the intellectual depravity which accompanies child labor. Intellectual development is acquired only by a long course of training. Now, when these children get old enough to go to school, if, instead of sending them to school, they are sent into the cotton mills to work 10 or 12 hours a day for the entire year, there is no time left for mental training; and under these conditions it is absolutely impossible for these children to become intelligent citizens, and be prepared to meet the responsibilities of American citizenship. The most conclusive argument that child labor injures children mentally is the fact that it consumes the time which should be spent in school.

I grant that mill men are kind and loving to their operatives. They have been generous in furnishing them comfortable homes. They have built school houses and churches, but none of these can atone for the permanent injury done to the children by holding them in a condition of servitude which is diametrically opposed to their physical and mental development. A child who is forced to continually work in a cotton mill is denied the opportunity for physical development, which was granted to the negro children in the days of slavery. It is denied the opportunity for mental de-



velopment, branded as an ignoramus, and doomed to a life of mere tread-mill service.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, can we, a people who still boast of a true love for liberty, permit the childhood of our State to be sacrificed upon an altar of gold? Have we the right to turn the fresh current of our helpless children into canals to move factory wheels? We must not rest the burden of our industries upon their shoulders, and we must not "crucify them upon a cross of gold."

In the majority of cases, the condition which keeps our children in the factories is not one which grows out of necessity, but it is the ultimate outcome of an insatiated greed for wealth. There may be a few cases where child labor would seem justifiable, but such cases are very rare and are often misrepresented. I believe that the pathetic picture of a poor widow, who is dependent upon her little children, is too often held up before us. We are all sorry for the poor widows, we have anxieties for them; but we should be no less anxious about the poor little children upon whose baby shoulders rest the responsibility of supporting them. I believe that it is better for the State to support the helpless widows than for them to be supported by the meager earnings of their little children, who, as a natural consequence, will go out into the world mental dwarfs and physical wrecks to increase the paupers of future generations. And then our sympathy for the poor widow does not weigh so heavily when we learn that she contributes only two per cent. of the baby laborers. Go to the factory towns and I dare say that you will find more strong and healthy dead-beats, living on the earnings of their children, than poor helpless widows. There may be a few other scattering cases where individual hardship would be caused by the passage of this bill. Suppose it does press down hard upon a few. Can we afford to sacrifice the entire childhood of our mill population in order to meet a

necessity which is felt by only a few? It has always been the policy of American government to legislate so as to give the greatest good to the greatest number. Surely South Carolina can stand by this policy—in the consideration of a question which has such a far-reaching effect upon her institutions and future citizenship.

I would not advocate the prohibition of child labor if it would result in inculcating a spirit of idleness and indolence. No doubt if the children were released from the mills and allowed to loaf on the streets of the factory towns, they would form vicious habits and grow up as vagrants; but when we pass the child labor bill we must also pass a compulsory education bill, and keep the children in school until they are twelve years of age, after which they can go into the factories and work more intelligently and with but slight injury to themselves physically.

It is sometimes argued that parents have the right through personal liberty to say what their children shall do, and that the State has no right to interfere. I refute this argument. "The parent is the guardian of its child, not its owner. The child is the ward of its parent, not its slave." It is the sacred duty of parents to see that their children are supplied with the necessities of life and the proper conditions for symmetrical development. It is their right to require such work of them as will not interfere with this development or with their efficiency as future citizens, but I wish to say to you with all possible emphasis that it is not the right of parents to circumscribe the future possibilities of their children simply to gratify their own avaricious greed, or to lighten the burden of their own responsibilities. Can our State afford to allow this in the name of liberty? Is it not better for the State to restrain one parent than for that parent to enslave six children? Which is the greatest promoter of personal liberty? We must remember that personal liberty does not give to

parents freedom to injure children and deliberately dwarf their development; and that "American liberty includes the liberty of the State to protect the weak from ignorance and avarice, as well as the liberty to open to its own future citizens a free path to manhood and intelligent citizenship."

It may be urged by some that if we leave the matter alone, the mill men and operatives will eventually adjust it themselves by voluntary action. But we have no assurance of this. The mill authorities of our State have never organized with a view of affecting such voluntary action, but on the other hand they have given unmistakable evidence of their opposition to the passage of such a bill. Whenever the matter comes up before our Legislature, an array of mill presidents invariably appears before them and seeks to make the State resign its function as the guardian of the interest of its little children and promoter of its own future enlightenment and well-being. This is not a matter which can be left entirely to voluntary action, for self-interest and the temptations to sacrifice the future welfare of society to present necessities are strong and sometimes overwhelming.

If any still have scruples as to the right of the State to interfere with parents relation to their children and wish to stake the issue upon this point, I urge that we can leave the parents and children entirely out of consideration, and prohibit the engagement of child labor by mill authorities. You say that it looks hard to close the doors of the mills in their faces. Yes! it looks hard, but it is done in a spirit of love and mercy, and in this same spirit we must enlarge our public schools and gather in these little children. I can conceive of no more prophetic token of South Carolina's future prosperity than for this vast army of mill children to be excluded from the factories and marshalled into the school houses.

Some opponents of this bill persist in designating it class legislation, which brands mill authorities as inhuman, and



protects children from their parents when they move to the factories, but allows them to do as they please so long as they remain on the farm. This seems a little unfair at first thought, but we must remember that the conditions are entirely different. The mill children work 10 or 12 hours a day under unhealthy conditions for the entire year. They have no freedom and no opportunity for mental training. The object of this bill is to give them freedom so that they will have time to attend school.

The country children on the other hand are required to do but little work under healthy conditions for only a few months in the year, and during this time the schools are not in session. They have freedom. Their work does not keep them from school. All that they need is compulsory education, so we can afford to discriminate against country children in considering the child labor bill.

Many of the operatives came from country homes, which surely were miserable enough. So far as food, clothes, and the comfort of their homes are concerned, they are far better off in the factories than they were in their rural homes; but can this be argued as a reason why this bill should not be passed? Who would dare claim that this improved condition is due to the few paltry dollars earned by children under 12 years of age? It is due to the increased earnings of older children and grown workers. The growth of industries gives to the laboring class a better means of support, thereby making it possible for the parents and older children to earn an adequate livelihood for the entire family, without the aid of little children. This is the main reason why a country should be proud of its industries, and encourage their development. But we must remember that along with their advantages, they also bring disadvantages. One of the disadvantages of the cotton factories is the fact that they offer employment to little children. Now if we allow parents to

work their children in these factories, they will be injured by the very industry which should be their greatest blessing.

The experience of other manufacturing countries shows that we can afford to pass this bill without materially injuring our industries. Our brother manufacturing States of the North have followed the example of France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, and Russian; all of which have passed laws prohibiting child labor in factories under a minimum age, and only Italy has placed this below 12 years. The South is the only civilized country in the world which does not by enlightened legislation protect the children of its working people from the inevitable consequence of unregulated industrial development.

I look upon this question as having a very wider significance. I hope that I have firmly established the fact that child labor is injurious to children, so they will necessarily grow up weak, physically and mentally. This will have a far-reaching effect upon our society and public institutions. It will give to the State an increased number of lunatics and non-progressive men, give to families parents who are physical wrecks, and then not only the prosperity of these families is affected, but that of the following generations as well; for saith Almighty God: "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generations." Like parent, like child. If we would be prosperous, we must have strong men and women, and we can only have them by guarding the physical condition of the children. Child labor is a monster which is claiming and devouring them. We must stop it.

There is no more humiliating fact that an intelligent Southern man has to face than this: Listen. The last census shows that among the white people of the South we have as many illiterate white men over 21 years of age as we had fifty-two years ago. And for us to say that we have not had

an opportunity to improve our educational status is to claim an excuse, which ignores facts and outrages common sense. We must go down to the bed rock in this matter and erase from the rolls of our white citizenship the stigma of abnormal illiteracy which now degrades it. But this can never be done so long as we make slaves instead of scholars of the mill children. This aspect of the question alone is sufficient to lift it from the plane of mere business consideration and place it upon a platform of the highest public concern.

I believe that the industries of a country should be fostered and protected by its government, but they should not be exalted at the expense of the citizen. What will it profit the State if the stockholders, North or South, gain the whole dividend and she lose her children? If our State is animated by no nobler sentiment than mere material ambitions, its glories are as transient as the golden tint of sunset. We must not associate the words "our country" solely with the signs and prophecies of material wealth. These do not constitute a country any more than fretted ceiling, frescoed walls, and rarest furnishings constitute a home. The true test of a country's civilization is not the census, not factories nor cities, but it is the kind of men it turns out. The sons and daughters of any State are the fairest jewels that it can exhibit to the world. Now, ladies and gentlemen, in deciding this question we are deciding to a great extent whether we shall turn our children out as well-rounded men and women or as subjects of shameless demagoguery and base deceit!

South Carolina has taken the initial step in many important events in our country's history, and she would add one more laurel to her glorious record if she would step forth as the pioneer of the Southern States to liberate the poor white children and open to them a free path to manhood and intelligent citizenship.

E. B. BOYKIN.



### The Child Labor Question

Shall we, or shall we not legislate upon some men's rights to employ their children? Shall we say that because this man works on the farm, or in the mine, or in the shop, his children may labor with him, while because some other man works in the cotton mill his children may not labor with him. Thus is a question which we of to-day must decide for posterity, so let us view it fairly.

To pass this law is to strike a hard blow at the liberty of the family. To say that a man, because his occupation is that of a mill operative, shall not allow his children to aid in supplying food and raiment, while another, because his occupation is that of a farmer, or may be an operative in any other kind of manufacturing establishment, may allow his children to labor by his side, would be a hard blow indeed! And one which the liberty-loving people of South Carolina would not stand. The highest type of the Anglo-Saxon citizen is found here in our beautiful Southland, and some of our best blood earns an honorable living in the cotton mill. These men know their rights, and in the light of that terrible struggle of the sixties, can you doubt that they will protect them? Do you think they will stand calmly by and allow it to be said: "Because you work in a cotton mill, your children shall not labor with you," while the children of their neighbors, the farmer, the carpenter, and even the operatives in other branches of the manufacturing industry, labor by the side of their parents? No! such treatment would be unjust, and they would resent it.

Is it just to legislate for people by classes? You must acknowledge that it is not. Then, if a man who works in a cotton field can allow his children to work with him, so can one who works in a cotton mill. If we pass a law which effects the operatives in one branch of industry, in justice it should effect those in all.

Should this law be passed, many children, all of them just at the age when habits and character are being formed, would be taken from under the influence of their parents and put in the streets, where they cannot be cared for. The mill officials are unwilling to do this, so they oppose this bill.

They know human nature as they have it around them, and they know that the mere passage of a law cannot put an immediate stop to child labor. They are the people to regulate this question, for they know and appreciate the conditions. Nearly all of them object to child labor because it is not profitable to them. The idea that child labor is used on account of its cheapness is wrong. Col. Orr says that child labor is of the most expensive kind. It cannot be stopped immediately, however, for many of the families have to allow the children to work in order to live. But by a gradual change it is being stopped without opposition.

The operatives of the mills of the North where some of the States have child labor laws, are largely foreigners, who are not accustomed to personal liberty. On the other hand, the Southern operatives are mostly native born, accustomed to personal liberty from childhood, and determined to resent any encroachment on their liberty. The well informed know this, and so oppose this bill. Take, for example, the legislative vote. As a rule, the men from the up-country, who know the conditions, opposed, while the men from the low country, where mills are few, and so opportunity for observation limited, favored this bill, saying that it should be passed for the reason that it will cause the children to be educated. This bill would only drive the children into the streets, where they will be no nearer getting an education than they were before.

But even now the per cent. of illiteracy among the mill children is far below that of the country children of the South. At present, the mill owners furnish schools, libra-

ries and churches free. Take, for example, the Piedmont Mills. Here the schools are open ten and a half months a year, with competent teachers paid by the owners of the mill. The library has 3,700 volumes, and the records show that 8,000 volumes were read in a single year. Now take the average public school which the farmer's children attend. It is open perhaps five months a year, with an inefficient and transient teacher. It has no library at all, and but few pupils. Which of these schools do you suppose offers the better educational facilities?

Again: In the country many do not go to Sunday school, for there are none in reach. In the mill town, all have an opportunity to go, and many do go. In a mill Sunday school in this State, there are 500 pupils, 41 of whom had never been to Sunday school before coming to the mill district.

Some will doubtless say that the mill child does not have the same opportunity of development as the country child—that he is confined in rooms where the air is impure and filled with lint and dust. This is not true! All modern mills are provided with special machinery for ventilation, which keeps the air pure and fresh. They have appliances which moisten the air and keeps down the dust. All the buildings are well heated, and the operatives never suffer from cold. On the other hand, the country children often have to go out into the bitterest weather with clothing not at all suited to that temperature. In addition to this, while the mill child always has plenty of good nourishing food, that which some of the country children get, contains nothing like the requisite amount of nourishment to insure their proper development. From lack of proper food, clothing and shelter, the physical condition of the poor country child is no better than that of the average mill child, who has a good house, good clothes, and above all, good food. Some would



picture the latter as a puny, sallow waif, with the stamp of early death on his brow. I challenge you to make a fair comparison of the average mill and country child of this State! Can a child without proper nourishment thrive as well as one with these necessities of life? Good food is just as essential as good air, and proper clothing and shelter are absolutely essential to the proper development of the young. Taking into consideration the superior educational facilities of the mill child, you must acknowledge that his condition is to be preferred. Then let us legislate where it is most needed.

The conditions are now ripe for a compulsory education law. This law would affect all alike. Hence it would be just, and therefore obeyed. It would have all the good effects of the child labor bill with none of its many defects. It would stop child labor, but instead of driving the children into the streets it would put them to school. It would cause the children to be educated not only in the mill districts but all over the State.

Then if this one law has all the effects of both, and effects the results in a better manner, why pass two laws? Surely the passage of the useless law not only would do no good, but by being unjust would work positive harm by causing the law passed in connection with it to become unpopular, and hence harder to enforce.

The compulsory educational law can be enforced more easily than the child labor bill, and when it is the results will be so much better. And as the goal enlarges, it becomes more worth striving for. Let us, then, strive for the nobler and grander object, and pass, not the child labor bill, but one for compulsory education. Let us not trample under foot those principles which our forefathers held so dear, but let us rather strive with them, to give this country liberty, justice, and education.

F. M. GUNBY, '02.

### **"The Country School as an Aid to Our Agricultural Course"**

It is very noticeable that the number of boys who study agriculture here has rapidly declined in the last year or two.

In the classes that have graduated the number of agriculturals and mechanicals were about the same, but in the present classes only about one-third of the boys are studying agriculture. Why is this? Is it because the course is not as good as it was, or is it because there is less to learn about agriculture than there was?

No; the course is better than it was and there is more to learn about agriculture than there ever was, and also more need that we do study what there is to learn.

It would seem from the natural course of events that more boys from the farms would study agriculture. Being raised on the farm we would expect them to know of its pleasures and joys and, therefore, that they would want to go back to them when they had finished at College; but this is not the case. I believe this lack of interest in the agricultural course is because the average person or farmer over the State does not know or understand what is being taught here.

Ask the average farmer what bacteria cause disease or which species are beneficial, and he will most probably tell you that he has never heard of such things. Ask him how his cotton or corn are reproduced, and he will fail to tell you. Ask him why he should prune his peach trees differently from his apples or his apples differently from his pears, and his answer will be that he never prunes any of them. But this very farmer will be one of those who say that there is nothing to learn about agriculture.

This is, I believe, the reason why so few boys take the Agricultural Course. They think that agriculture can be learned at home and at any time and that there is no use spending money learning how to farm, when their father can teach it to them just as well at home. They do not know

that farming is only one of the few subjects that is taught here. Nearly every farmer has read or heard something about electricity or has seen a surveyor at work, or has seen a cotton factory, and he at once determines that when his boy goes to college he shall study "Electrical Engineering" or "Civil Engineering" or "Textile Engineering." He does not know that agriculture is just as much a science as either of these. This lack of interest in agriculture could, I believe, be remedied by going back to the country school and beginning the study of agriculture there. A step in this direction was taken when the course called "Nature Study" was introduced into our schools.

In this course it is proposed to teach the elements of agriculture, as simple lessons in, "How Plants Grow," talks about the most common insects, and the care of flowers, etc. By this course a new interest will be taken in the common things around him, by the country boy. He will see more in living on the farm than the simple growing of cotton and corn. The school house grounds should be improved. Look at the grounds of the average country school house. They are less cared for and look worse than those in the towns or cities, when they should be much better than either of these. The grounds are generally grown up in weeds or the native wild grasses. A part of each day or each week should be given by the teacher for the improvement of the grounds, flowers should be planted, the yard should be well laid out and good grasses planted. The children should be made to do these things, and then taught how to keep them in order. This might seem to some people a very hard thing to do, but just let the teacher begin the work right and show the proper interest in the work, and he will have no trouble in getting the children to do their share of the work. In the school room regular lectures, or better, talks, should be made about the soil. They should be told of what the soil is com-







posed, and what parts of it are used by the plants for food, and why some plants require certain foods in order that they may reach their proper development.

The children should bring in any strange insects or flowers that they may find, and be told by the teacher how to study them, so that they might find out if they were harmful or beneficial. A collection of these insects and plants could be made so that they could be referred to at any time and by any one of the community that cared to look at them. These talks would not stop with the children that they were given to, but would be told by them to the younger children of the school, and also to their parents at home. This, then, would not only help the children but a new interest would be taken by the grown people in the study of subjects that they had never thought of before, and they would there find out that there was something to be learned about agriculture after all.

By studying these things the country boy would be taught to see the beauty of the country. His ambition now is to go to the city and there handle some delicate piece of machinery, while he never thinks of how the delicate little plants around him grow. He wants to make or invent some piece of machinery that will cause people to make money more easily and more quickly. He does not know that but for the science of agriculture oranges and figs could not be grown with any profit in California. The growing of these fruits was only made possible by the introduction of two species of our smallest insects. At this time our government is trying to repay the debt that we owe to Australia for one species of these insects by sending them a species of insects from over here. The teacher should strive to call attention to these things and thus make the boy more satisfied with his home.

Agriculture cannot be learned in a few years, and this is the reason why the study of it should begin early. If it were taught in the schools the children would see what a great and



interesting study agriculture is, and the consequence would be that more boys would decide to make the study of agriculture their life work. To teach agriculture in the schools would require teachers that knew something about the subject of agriculture and all of its branches. This would give an opening for the graduates of the Agricultural Colleges who wanted to go to teaching. The result of this teaching would be that we would have better farms and better farmers over the State than we now have. J. M. BURGESS.

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### Class History—Class of 1902

#### OFFICERS.

*President*—Claud Douthit.

*Vice-President*—M. Eugene Zeigler.

*Secretary and Treasurer*—Fred E. Pearman.

*Historian*—Hugh G. Stokes.

*Poet*—Henry A. Wilson.

*Prophet*—Frank M. Gunby.

GREATON EUGENE BAMBERG, otherwise known as "Ducky." He has the honor of being first man of the class—on the roll. Born January 17, 1881, at Bamberg, S. C., a land of flats, frogs and fracas, therefore low—5 ft. 7 1-2 in. Entered the Freshman Class in September, 1898.

After a weight of 136 1-2 pounds he graduates from the Electrical Course, a member of the Calhoun Society, and a Lieut. of Co. "A."

Prophesy—The first shall be last, and the last first.

BERTRUM HEBER BARRE.—On a lonely sand hill in Lexington County he was born, January 27, 1879. In September, 1898, "Rube" came to College, and although the Freshman Class was large we could not Barre him out—.

He was an active member of the Columbia Society, in which he has held the offices of Secretary, Literary Critic, and Vice-President. He won orator's medal in the contest of 1902.

He was second on the roll, stood second in its Freshman class, and graduated second Captain, "Co. A." Electrical Course.

Prophecy—He is an orator, hence will be a farmer.

ANDREW REMBERT BARRETT.—"Major" was born at the hysterical town of Camden, March 16, 1880. Removed to Rock Hill when quite a lad. He entered "High Prep." September, 1897, and during that year made a specialty of Physical Geography. Member of Calhoun Society. Textile Course.

Prophecy—Will be an insurance agent.

E. B. BOYKIN.—"Senator" was born October 28, 1878, at Cypress, Darlington County, S. C. Entered "High Prep." in 1897. Is a member of the Columbian Society and has had the honor of serving as President, Treasurer and Literary Critic. "Senator" took the Agricultural Course.

Now comes his distinctions: President of Y. M. C. A.; Delegate to Convention at Asheville, Spartanburg and Sumter; won orator's medal in 1901; represented College in State oratorical contest; won debater's medal in 1902; Captain of "E" Company; Assistant Business Manager of CHRONICLE 1900-'01, and Business Manager of same journal for 1901-'92. He has been a most promising man in the history of Clemson.

"Senator's" high forehead is a fair index to his brain. Some people think that he is bald, but his tender years would belie such an absurd statement.

"Senator" believes firmly in the eleventh commandment—"Thou shalt not rubber and twist thy neck."

Prophesy—Will break his neck at the first false step.

ERNST BROCKMAN, JR.—“Brock,” born May 20th, 1881, at Marion, S. C., and afterwards moved to Columbia, S. C., where his parents now live. “Brock” entered Freshman Class September, 1898. He took the Agricultural Course and distinguished himself in grass cutting, which is the greenest work done in the entire course. He joined the Columbian Society and has distinguished himself by making one speech in his four years membership.

“Brock” claims to be the chemist of his class, having discovered the supernatural method of telling exactly how many atoms of  $\text{CO}_2$  escape from a mule at every exhalation by looking at the mucus membrane of the eye. “Brock” is the only musician in his section, being a member of the Band.

Prophesy—“Brock” will some day become a great composer. “The Bird in the College” will be his greatest piece.

JOHN H. BROWN.—“Old John” is by birth a “Georgia Cracker.” Was born at Raburn Gap, Ga.; at an early age he moved to Mountain Rest, S. C. (Oconee County). This mountain boy was here to greet most of us when we entered College, having entered “High Prep.” in February, 1896. He was a member of Columbian Society, Keeper of Cadet Exchange and a graduate of the Textile Course.

“John” is a mountaineer of high standing (5 ft. 11 in.), and is usually found with his mountain “Dew.”

Prophesy—Dealer in patent medicines.

JUNIUS MILTON BURGESS.—Born April 24, 1881, at Summerton, S. C. “June” entered the Freshman Class in January, 1899. He had not been in College two hours before the degree of D. D. C. was conferred upon him. Quite energetic, but a trifle too fond of the girls. “June” is an expert in plowing, having had quite a *little* experience in this line. Is very fond of Chemistry, especially so when he has gas, air-bath, gas-lamp and match. It does not take him long to see which molecule will light first.



Prophecy—"June" will have a long life, a neat little wife, four or five *smutty-nose* children and a fistula horse.

EUGENE GORDON CAMPBELL.—Another one of the poets of our class, was born September 21, 1881, at Charleston. His poetic tendencies probably accounts for his removal to Summerville, where the souging of the pines inspires all the poetry in one's nature. He left these surroundings in September, 1898, and became a Freshman at Clemson. Joined the Calhoun Society, where he claims to have once been speaker, orator, and essayist. Is an Electrical Student and a *light* Artilleryman—weighs only 130 pounds.

Prophecy—In his life shall be exemplified the traditions of his birth place.

HENRY THOMAS CANTY.—Born Summerton, Clarendon County, January 1, 1879. Entered College September, 1899. Was an active member of the Palmetto Society and is one of the two "Civils" of the class. Being a "D. D. C.," though, he has missed all the pleasures of barrack life.

Prophecy—Some day he will build a foot path.

ALBERT BLANCHARD CARR.—"Me Boy" was born in Columbia, S. C., on March 31, 1880; he came to Clemson in 1898, entering "High Prep.;" he was a member of good standing (5 ft. 8 3-4 inches) in the Columbian Literary Society. "Albert" claims direct descent from Job, and being a descendant from so law-abiding a personage, he was naturally a good fellow, so the Military Department gave him a Captain and barrack electrician.

Prophecy—He will be a railroad man.

WILLIAM ENNIS CHAPMAN.—Born at Lickville, near Pelzer, S. C., September 12, 1877. He is now an old College veteran, having entered "Low Prep" in August, 1896. Rather lazy, but always made the required five yards in three down. Member of Columbian Society and always paid his share towards its upbuilding—in dues. Textile Course; "Lieut." "Co. E."

Prophesy—School teacher.

GEORGE BROWNLEE CLINKSCALES.—The home of Prof J. G. Clinkscales was enlivened on March 16, 1882, by the addition of "Dodger;" this young animal early developed a marvelous power of keeping out of the way at critical periods. He entered College in 1898, where he might exercise his dodging propensities in keeping out of the way of numerous military reformatations, but apparently he was not so successful here as at home, for on Saturday he often adorned the campus. In 1899 he left Clemson and went to Wofford, but soon returned. He joined the Calhoun Society, and as a pastime he took the Electrical Course, and finds it quite satisfying to his cravings for work.

Prophesy—Teacher of English.

WALTER FRANCIS COLES.—"Walt" is one of the proudest sons of the "Tar Heel" State, born at Rockingham, N. C., January 29, 1880. He was also a survivor of the early stages, having entered "High Prep." in September, 1897. "Walt" was a member of the Columbian Society, and with his usual wit and humor he often entertained its members. He is one of Clemson's renowned ball twirlers, and has always done good work for our team, also a famous back in our class games. He was one of the Factory "yaps."

Prophesy—Will be a mill President.

WILLIAM WARTON COLEMAN.—Born at Earle, Aiken County, March 17, 1882. The swamps of the Savannah River could not hold "Rabbit," so he joined us in September, 1899, having spent the year preceding as a Freshman at South Carolina College. For three years was a member of the Palmetto Society, in which he held the office of President.

"Rabbit" is an Electrical, and can climb a pole to perfection—if it is hollow.

Prophesy—If he does not hustle he will be caught.

WILLIAM BENJAMIN COTHRAN.—"Balls" was born at

Mill Way, S. C., April 13, 1881, and now lives at Greenwood, S. C. Like most of us he entered the Freshman Class in September, 1898. He was a hard worker in the "Craighead" Society and often made the halls resound with his eloquence (?), finally becoming Vice-President (?). The only reason we can attribute for "Old Balls" taking the Textile Course is that he was born at "Mill Way." He is by trade an automobilist and some day in the near future we expect to see him "burning the wind." He graduated a Lieut. in Co. B.

Prophesy—Will take "Caps" place.

FRANK CRAWFORD.—Frank was born on September 4, 1879, at the historic old town of Pendleton, S. C. He entered "Low Prep" in 1896, here he was an inert member of the Craighead Society. In addition to this he took the Electrical Course, he prospered in this course, growing to the height of (5 ft. 7 in.), and a weight of 130 pounds. In 1902, he was assigned to duty with the artillery. Was a D. D. C. to the last.

Prophesy—He will narrowly escape fame.

BERA CLARK CROMER.—"B. C." was born at Townville, S. C., October 9, 1880, where he still lives. Entered College as a Freshman in September, 1898. Always a hard worker while in College and displayed his oratorical powers in the Palmetto Hall. Textile Course, Lieut. in the Artillery. Very modest. Good enemy of *Cremastogaster-lineolata*. Couldn't get away from his feet if he tried.

Prophesy—Many children; successful floor walker.

CLAUD DOUTHIT.—Clemson is not co-educational, but still it has a "Peggy" for a student and has had her since February, 1897. He was a member of the Varsity Foot Ball Team, Class President, and a member of the Calhoun Society, where he held the distinguished office of Sergeant-at-Arms. In 1900, he was made full back for the All South-



ern Foot Ball Team. He took the Electrical Course and was a member of the band.

Prophesy—He will take a post graduate course in foot ball.

JULIUS CLARENCE EARLE.—On Friday, hangman's day, December 13, 1879, this specie of "Bird" was born. He admits of being a "country cracker" for the first part of his life, but has fully outgrown that, having spent two years at Patrick's Military Institute. Entered College September, 1898, has taken the Electrical Course, was a member of the Calhoun Society. He is six feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. "Good physique."

Prophesy—Judging from the date of his birth, he will be hanged.

WILLIAM CRAIG FORSYTHE.—"Big 'un" is a "Tar Heel" from Brevard. Owing to his being bigger than "Little 'un," he was called "Big 'un." Being one of those "illiterate Tar Heels," he entered "Low Prep." in 1895. He became a member of the Foot Ball Eleven in his "Soph" year. Last year he played star ball at end. He weighs 178 pounds and is 5 feet 9 1-2 inches tall. President of Clemson Tennis Club, and a member of Calhoun Society. "Big 'un" was Captain of D Company, but ended up in the artillery.

Prophesy—Tool grinder.

JOHN EBENEZER GETTYS.—"Rube" was born at Roddy, S. C., September 25, 1881, entered the Freshman Class September, 1898. He was greatly afflicted with rheumatism in his Freshman and Senior years, but being a hard worker, he kept the faith and was ready to receive his crown from the Textile Department. Member of the Palmetto Society, and a Lieutenant of Co. "F."

Prophesy—Owing to his name and sterling qualities, we predict that he will be a minister of the Gospel.

CHARLES NUTTING GIGNILLIAT.—What's in a name?

apparently there is much in this one, it is almost as long as it's owner, who is 6 feet with attenuated tips; immediately after he joined us his name was shortened to "Gig." He early showed signs of a partiality to the fair sex, his Soph year is only one in which we did not find him writing odes to "My Lady," and in that year he made his best marks. "Lamb" graduated Lieutenant of Co. "A" and a member of the Calhoun Society.

Prophecy—He will be a telephone lineman, and will have to ask "ma" shortly.

FRANK MCCLELLAN GUNBY.—Better known as "Johnnie," was born at Charleston on June 27, 1882. He reminds you strikingly of a "Bantam," and judging from his disposition we are not surprised to hear that he tried life for a year in Texas; but fortunately (for himself) he came back to this State and now registers from Orangeburg County. He entered Clemson in September, 1897, became a member of the Columbian Society, in which he has held the offices of Secretary and Vice-President, and in 1901 won the declaimer's medal given by that society. "Rat" has taken the Electrical Course and graduates as Lieutenant of Co. F. and President of Elk Tennis Club. "Kid" is Class Prophet.

Prophecy—He will, some day, be able to "crow."

GEORGE HOUSON HARDIN.—George was born June 7, 1882, at Lexington, Va. Moved to Clemson College with his father, M. B. Hardin, who is Professor of Chemistry at this institution. George is a D. D. C., a member of the Calhoun Society, and a diligent student of agriculture. He has not yet chosen his vocation in life, considering himself too young to wrestle with so serious a question. Notwithstanding his tender years he has turned out a blooming mustache. George is a staunch advocate of "Women's Rights."

Prophecy—An idle brain is the devil's workshop.

DAVID JENNINGS.—David was born at Charleston, S. C.,

March 1, 1882. One of the "old stages," having entered "Low Prep" in August, 1896. He was a member of the Calhoun Society in which organization he was Vice-President. In February, 1898, he cast his lot with the "Factory Yaps." Sergeant, Leader and President of Band '02. A good chap, but rather fond of "blowing." Very dignified.

Prophesy—Organizer of Factory Bands.

HENRY BURRITT JENNINGS, JR.—"Little Harry" was born at Charleston, S. C., August 1, 1883. When most of us came to College in 1898, he was here to greet us, having entered "High Prep." in September, 1897. Although one of the babies in years and size, he always stood well in his classes. Very mischievous and a born draftsman. Member of Calhoun Society. Honorary member of Band. Textile Course. Noted for his neatness in textile designing and carelessness in textile dyeing.

Prophesy—Music teacher.

FRANK MARSHALL JORDAN.—"Jacob" is the kid of our class. He was born October 16, 1883, at Seneca, Oconee County. Being so near such a great institution we are not at all surprised that his fondness for College life came so early. He entered College in September, 1898, became a member of the Calhoun Society, and has held the office of Vice-President. "Rattle" was "Lieut." on the staff, but has been waiting for a job until lately. His name will serve him in his new employment.

Prophesy—He will amuse the children.

DAVID KOHN.—"Shy" was born at Orangeburg, S. C., July 16, 1880, entered the Freshman Class in September, 1898. "Old Shy" was a member of the Columbian Society, and has often made its hall resound with his eloquence. He held various minor offices and in his Senior year was made Vice-President. Lieut. of Co. "D." "Shy" was very fond of pen sketching and made many sketches for the College



journals. He is very "cute," and, therefore, takes well with the fair sex. Having a very level head, he took the Textile Course. How like a river—largest at the mouth.

Prophecy—A great rival of Christie and Gibson.

EDWARD JENSEN LARSEN.—"Dutchman ze Porter," as his name implies, is of foreign descent, but was born at Cordesville, Berkeley County, on March 26, 1882. He couldn't stand the "low" country, so moved to Adam's Run, Colleton County. Entered College September, 1898, is of the Electrical Course, a member of Calhoun Society, and one of the famous "Hooligan Gang."

Prophecy—Being terribly smitten in his Senior year, he is destined to be "chilled."

HUGH FRANK LITTLE.—"Corporal" was born at Clinton, S. C., August 24, 1882, moved to Pacolet, S. C., in 1894. This (Little) had entered "High Prep." in September, 1897. He was one of the stars (?) of the Calhoun Society. Cast his lot with the Textile "Yaps." He was keen, raw-boned and fastidious, parts his hair in the middle and ornaments the campus on Saturday only, while in the week his garments are always "holy." He had high military aspirations but alas! his light did not shine very bright.

Prophecy—Defeated candidate in matrimonial race.

JOHN ELMORE MARTIN, JR.—Born September 7, 1882, in Charleston, S. C., where his parents are still living. "Muggy" entered College September 12, 1898, making the examination for the Freshman Class by the skin of his teeth, as he has made every examination since, not that Muggy is lacking in intellectual capacity, for verily he is a bright boy, but he is constitutionally averse to studying any branch longer than he required to assure the pass mark of 60. If the criterion was 150 "Muggy" would make the pass mark and that is all. "Muggy" entered the Calhoun Society and began his official career in that society as Assistant Sergeant-

at-Arms, the duties of which he discharged with so much zeal and loyalty that he has since been called to the chair of Vice-President and President. "Muggy" has taken the Agricultural Course and his training therein has developed the tendency to go to the root of all things, so much so, until recently asked the name of his most prominent ancestors, he answered after some deliberation "Adam." For any additional information concerning "Muggy" personality we are referred by him to the World's Almanac.

Prophecy—A life of ease so far as he is concerned.

LAURENCE HUGH MCCOLLOUGH.—"Polonius" was born November 3, 1881, at Benson, Williamsburg County, S. C. He entered College September, 1898, and soon afterwards joined the Columbian Society. Polonius took the Agricultural Course and under the inspiring reign of Prof. Rolf, the Botanist, made himself famous (at College) as a student of Vegetable Pathology, which branch he has chosen as his life's vocation. The secret of his success is a remarkable ability for remembering technical names.

Prophecy—Will discover a new disease on the magnolia.

GRAEME TAYLOR MCGREGOR.—"Mac" is the left-handed twirler of the 3 and 4 E Seniors. He is also Senior Captain. This strange combination was born in Columbia on November 4, 1880. He entered the Columbian Society, and joined the Freshman Class. He was President and Sergeant-at-arms in the former, and marcher and private in the latter. Is 5 feet 9 inches tall, and weighs 140 pounds. Has a light head of hair, and has a tendency toward militaryism and electricity.

Prophecy—He will be a dentist.

JOHN DANIEL MEADOR.—One of the most polished, primpy, prissy and pretty members of our Senior Class is "Chip." Had it not been for the influence of "Dog" and "Shy" he would undoubtedly have been quite courtly, cour-

teous and kind. As it is, he was born on October 11, 1883, at Union, S. C. He entered Fresh. with us in 1898. Was a member of the Calhoun Society, where he has made one bum oration. He is of the Electrical persuasion. He is also a silent partner of the firm Dog, Shy and Co., Gent's furnishers. He is extremely dignified.

Prophesy—He will be quite an organizer of large dry goods houses.

GEORGE FREDERICK MITCHELL.—“Mitch” was born December 13, 1881, at Mount Pleasant, Charleston County, S. C. Entered College in September, 1898, and distinguished himself on Algebra during his Freshman year. He was a member of the Calhoun Society and Vice-President of the Agricultural Society, which organization has long since ceased to exist. George intends studying medicine. He claims to be a descendant of Noah. For further information see “G. F. Mitchell’s will,” written when he was supposed to be dying.

Prophesy—Will yet develop into a preacher (of grass.)

THEODORE HAMILTON MUNRO.—“Hamp” was born at Union, March 25, 1883. Graduated at the graded school of his native town in 1898, and in September following joined us in the Freshman Class. He is a member of the Calhoun Society and has taken the Electrical Course, and finally became “powder monkey” in the artillery.

Prophesy—He will soon become a “Law monkey.”

FREDERIC KEATING NORRIS.—“Doctor” was born October 5, 1881, at Vance, Orangeburg County, S. C. Entered College in September, 1898, and became a member of the Calhoun Society, in which organization he has held the offices of Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer and President. He took the Agricultural Course, and intends following that line of industry after leaving College. “Doc” is a great swell and takes well with the “women.” He is Quartermaster



Lieutenant. "Doc" has a very short memory and is often looking up a forgotten overcoat.

Prophecy—An early marriage.

FRED EUGENE PEARMAN.—"Tub" was born at Anderson, S. C., July 31, 1882. He entered High Prep. in February, 1897, and being greatly endowed by nature, did not have to study very hard, so he could devote some of his time to athletics. He was 3d baseman on the base-ball team, and left half back on the foot-ball team during his last two years in College. President of the Calhoun Society, member of Glee Club, Lieutenant of Company "C," and class Secretary and Treasurer. Is extremely dignified, and in all respects a model "Senior" (!). Also, very fond of "Dogs." "Tub" was very popular with the ladies.

Prophecy—Coach for Class foot-ball teams.

THOMAS RUTHERFORD PHILLIPS.—We all know "Tom," at least, we think we do. At any rate, he was born at Springfield, Orangeburg County, on June 24, 1881. Obtained a diploma from Orangeburg graded school in June, 1898, and entered College in September following. He has taken the Electrical Course, and was a member of the Columbian Society, in which organization he has held the offices of Secretary, Vice-President and President. He won the Society's debater's medal in 1900, and Declaimer's medal in 1902. He was manager of the Elk Tennis Club, and of the Glee Club of '02.

Prophecy—He will be the first of the class to get married.

HARRY TINKER POE.—His parents were evidently prophets for they named their small boy "Tinker." Since that time others have tried to improve by calling him "Doc" and "Monk," but none suited quite so well as just plain "Tinker." "Doc" was born in Greenville, S. C., on November 15, 1882. His literary aspirations led him to enter "Fresh" in 1898. His quaint speeches, which were often mistaken for wit,

soon earned him the name of "Monk." To live up to his reputation, he commenced writing poetry, his masterpiece being the "Alphabet of C. A. C." He joined the Calhoun Society and took the Electrical Course with the intention of ultimately becoming a lineman for Marconi's Wireless Telegraphy.

Prophesy—He will be a poet second only to J. Gordon Coogler.

WALLACE THOMAS PRESCOTT.—The "Old Lady" was born at Prescott, S. C., September 21, 1879, and at the age of 12 moved to Edgefield. He is the only member of our class that entered Junior, having graduated at Furman. He was an earnest member of the Palmetto Society, and held the distinguished office of Vice-President. The "Old Lady" was always a sturdy fellow, believing that "Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well."

Prophesy—Being a graduate of the Textile Course, we expect great things of him.

CECIL LATTA REID.—Another rocky representative of York. He was born in Rock Hill, on December 15, 1882. He entered Soph. in 1899, and since then has been agitating the Civil section. Reid is a member of the Palmetto Literary Society. By reason of his having had much experience in managing men in the Civil Course, he was fitted for the place of Commander of the Artillery, to which duty he was assigned when that august mob was organized.

Prophesy—He will make an excellent pull on life's "(years)."

SAMUEL MCGOWAN ROBERTSON.—"Sam," born November 7, 1879, in Pickens County. He entered College September, 1898, beginning in the Freshman Class. He very soon won his way to College prominence and has ever since been in constant evidence with the military authorities. "Sam" joined the Palmetto Society and has been a constant

worker, filling office of President, Vice-President and Treasurer. Although some denounce his platform and criticise his views, "Sam" persists that he was made after the pattern of a politician, and a politician he intends to be. Although he took the Agricultural Course, he is a natural born mechanic, having thus early acquired the art of splitting a match into sixteen pieces, leaving head enough on each piece to light a pipe. It is said that "Sam" is very fond of nature, as he is often seen sitting in his window listening to the singing of "the bird" and afterwards confined to his room for talking to the "bird."

Prophecy—Will be a teacher of Military Science.

JOHN MANLY RODGER.—"Dog" was born at Union, S. C., on the 7th of August, 1881. He is a very manly fellow, with soft cheeks and a pink complexion. Altogether he is a very fair specimen of the "canine" race. He has never done any particular harm since he entered Fresh. in '98, except exert refining influence on "Chip" and "Shy." He was Sergeant-at-Arms of the Calhoun Society, in which organization he broke the record for inactivity. "Dog" is an electrical student and intends to climb poles.

Prophecy—This dog will be very fast.

DEMPSE HAMMOND SALLY.—Born August 15, 1880, at Salley's, Orangeburg County. "Sue" entered "High Prep." in September, 1898, remaining in that class one week when he was promoted to Fresh. During his course at College "Sue" acquired quite a military devotion, after reminding "the boys" of having a "duck" under the bed. He is a typical agricultural student—5 ft. 9 1-2 inches tall, 3 ft. broad, his weight varying with climatic conditions. "Sue" has always kept in touch with the Female Colleges in this State, and is often seen going to the phone to answer messages.

Prophecy—While fondly plowing in the old corn field an inspiration will decide for him the faith he wishes to preach.







CECIL HODGES SEIGLER.—“Old Lady,” who is a grandson of W. H. Timmerman, was born near Eureka, Aiken County, on October 19, 1878. Entered College as a Freshman in February, 1894, and after three years of College life became tired and quit off for three years; but decided to try it again and joined us as a Junior in January, 1901. He was a member of the Columbian Society, has taken the Electrical Course, and lacks only half an inch of being six feet high. Was an active member of the College Y. M. C. A., and has been President of that organization for a year.

Prophecy—Will make a fine “view” agent.

THOMAS CLIFTON SHAW.—Born March 16, 1879, at Honea Path, S. C., “Cliff” entered High Prep. in February, 1896. After learning the names of all the Professors of the Agricultural Course, he changed from a Junior Agricultural to a Soph. Mechanical. He is not only gifted as a base-ball player, but also a comedian, since he always has a good joke to tell. Though “Cliff” is an old stand-by, he has a level head. Member of Columbian Society, Captain of base-ball team '99 and '02. Assistant Editor of CHRONICLE for '02.

Prophecy—Drummer or Professional base-ball player.

MILES ARTHUR SITTON.—This “Rat” was born in Pendleton, S. C., on May 3, 1882. As soon as he could walk well, he assumed charge of his father's steam engine. He left this to come to Clemson in 1898. Here he took quite naturally to the Electrical Course, as in it he would have two engines to operate. He joined the Calhoun Society, where he rose to the position of Sergeant-at-Arms, and the height of 6 feet. He is very fond of machinery, so he is an artilleryman.

Prophecy—“Rat” will some day realize his highest ambition and own a steam engine.

WILLIAM FRANCIS SNEED.—“Billy,” the “Irishman,” was born at Florence on March 3, 1882. He says that



Adam was his (Great)<sup>10's</sup> Grand-Pa. By reason of his mathematical tendencies we are afraid to "doubt his veracity." "Billy" entered Fresh. in 1898, and branched off to the Electrical Course. He joined the Palmetto Society, but possibly his largest accomplishments are along the athletic line. He is 5 ft. 11 inches tall, and weighs 175 pounds, plays a good centre, and is quite a base-ball player (?).

Prophesy—Will become a great base-ball pitcher.

JOHN HARVEY SPENCER.—"Big Chief" was born at Roddey, S. C., September 5, 1879. Entering College in February, '97, was admitted to the Freshman Class. "Big Chief" took the Agricultural Course in his "Soph." year, but seeing his inability to make a solution of "Paris-green," he changed to that course, where he could easily stain cloth to a "deamine-green." While in the "Soph." Class "Big Chief" began studying evolution, but fearing a discovery in his ancestry and having his form marred, he joined the "Yaps." He was Capt. of Co. "F," and President of the Palmetto Society.

Prophesy—Being an exact copy of old Ichabod Crane, we look for him to teach the young the idea to shoot. (?)

THOMAS BIGHAM SPENCER.—"Little Chief" was born at Roddey, S. C., February 23, 1882. He entered the Freshman Class in September, 1898. Was a member of the Palmetto Society until beginning of Junior year, when he resigned to become the leading factor in the "Craighead" Society. Born under the romantic star and a lover of "the weed." Textile Course. Lieut. Co. "G." An advocate of "Easy school." "Lad" is "cute" and takes with the ladies.

Prophesy—A circuit rider.

SAMUEL CONVERSE STEWART.—Samuel discovered this land of the free at Liberty, S. C., on March 21, 1881. But not liking the kind of Liberty he had, he decided, in 1898, to try the style manufactured at Clemson. Here he made a

climb for the top, coming up second in the Soph. Class, and first in the Junior. He is a member of the Palmetto Society, and takes an Electrical Course. While he has a climbing disposition, we imagine that he could not climb poles well. He apparently does not like fresh air.

Prophecy—He will look well at the summit of a high pole.

HUGH GREGORIE STOKES.—“Pete” was born on July 25, 1879, at Early Branch, S. C. This Early Branch bird came to Clemson in 1897, entering High Prep. Owing to his bright head—he says that it is auburn—he was soon appointed section marcher. He joined the Palmetto Society, where he was a consistent worker, and among the honors given him by his society was that of President. He took the Electrical Course, making a good stand. Worked in Birmingham during his Junior vacation, where he accumulated a thorough knowledge of things. He is Class Historian, and graduates as the red-headed Captain of Company “D.” He is quite dignified, and can be counted on for good work.

Prophecy—Some day he will be a historian worthy to sit with “Barnes.”

DANIEL AUGUSTUS JOSEPH SULLIVAN.—Daniel Augustus Joseph Sullivan! Awampus! “Wampus” is undignified despite the fact that he was born in Charleston. But perhaps the solemn influences of his birth place were counteracted by the gay and giddy influences of New York, where he now lives. “Happy” was born July 31, 1881, and entered “Low Prep.” in 1896. He was a member of the Calhoun Society. “Hooligan” is not a literary character, but appears to have gained great affinity for trouble. He took the Electrical Course, so some day he will doubtless be electrocuted. He claims to weigh 176 pounds per square inch of floor space, making his total weight ten tons.

Prophecy—He will follow the trade of his namesake.

WILLIAM GILES TEMPLETON.—Templeton was born at Abbeville, S. C., July 22, 1879. He entered the Freshman Class in September, 1898. A very earnest worker in, and finally Vice-President of Palmetto Society. Lieut. Co. E. Textile Course. Winner of Declaimer's medal '02, and was elected class orator. Noted for his neatness in dyeing. (?) Very dignified.

Prophecy—Behold! Another Demosthenes.

JAMES BENJAMIN TINSLEY.—“Hobo” was born August 31, 1882, at Union, S. C. He entered College in September, 1898, became a member of the Calhoun Society, in which organization he has held the offices of Sergeant-at-Arms, Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms, and Literary Critics. “Hobo” is a typical farmer and intends following that occupation. He has also made the study of class rings a specialty; is an adept in the art of printing and a good judge of smoking tobacco. His most marked characteristic is the fear of the honey bee.

Prophecy—Will always be “Hobo.”

SAMUEL MORTIMER WARD.—Born in the swamps of Georgetown, December 23, 1881. Here he was associated with the culicidae so much that he naturally looks like one. After attending some of the largest institutions of the State he consented to join us in “Soph.” Becoming a member of the Columbian Society, he soon broke the record for minimum of attendance. He took the Electrical Course, so in a few years we expect to see him chief engineer of some large company.

Prophecy—If he is not “it” now, he soon will be.

JAMES BENJAMIN WATKINS.—“Pat,” or “Flanagan,” entered life at Ridge Spring, S. C., on November 27, 1877. He moved to Greenville for awhile, but now registers from his birth place. He joined us in Fresh. Became a member of the Columbian Society, where he did some good work, and



made a special study of the office of Prosecuting Critic. He claims direct descent from Noah, and we agree with him about the descent part, for he is only 5 feet 6 1-2 inches tall. He is an electrical student, and devoted to mechanics.

Prophesy—Will be a dynamo tender.

HENRY ALSTON WILSON.—“Q.” as he is generally known, does not stand for quality or quantity, but is merely a contraction which is allowed him as a poet’s license. He was born at Bishopville, Sumter County, on March 16, 1880. Entered High Prep. February, 1897, was a member of the Columbian Society, Class Poet, Lieut. of Co. B., and an Electrical student. He claims to be unmarried, but is quite a ladies man.

Prophesy—“Q” will quit writing poetry and write——.

MARION EUGENE ZEIGLER.—“Jake” was born December 28, 1877, at “Frog Level,” Orangeburg County, S. C. Entered College March, 1897, and became a member of the Columbian Society, in which organization he held the offices of President, Vice-President, Treasurer, Literary Critic, Corresponding Secretary and Reporting Critic. “Jake” took the Agricultural Course, but intends to become a preacher (?). He has won numerous honors, among which may be mentioned: a medal for second best orator at South Carolina Oratorical Contest for 1902. “Jake” is the lawyer of the student body and many a heart rending petition has been the production of his pen. His cool judgment and fatherly manner makes him a great favorite among the boys. “Jake’s” military honors ended when he resigned a Sergeant’s position, but he has since been an honored private in the Artillery. He is Editor in Chief of THE CHRONICLE for 1902, and has held other positions of honor too numerous to mention. His most marked characteristic is his love for politics.

Prophesy—Coroner.

The Class Historian and Class Prophet are indebted to the following Committee for their aid in getting up the above combined history and prophesy of the class: M. E. Zeigler, D. Kohn, T. B. Spencer, H. F. Little and J. E. Martin.

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### The Golden Rule in Government

The opposing armies of the North and South, encamped on opposite sides of the Rappahannock River, were resting towards the close of day, after a hard-fought battle. The swelling notes of "Yankee Doodle" bursting from the band in the Union camp were hailed with cheers from the boys in blue, and with jeers from those in gray. The Southern band replied with the strains of "Dixie," and the cheers and jeers were reversed.

At length, one band began timidly and softly the refrain of "Home, Sweet Home," and lo! the cheers were silenced, the jeers were hushed, and the anger and passion of the moment before was changed into emotions, tender and pathetic, aroused by thoughts of loved ones left in the cottage on the distant hill and the cabin on the far off prairie.

At the close of the present day in this epoch of history, we can see as we look the armies of hostile nations encamped upon the sides of the river of strife. As the band of one strikes up an inspiring air, it is met with the jeers of the other. What are the strains that can silence these jeers, and convert these passions into one grand emotion, great enough and strong enough to combine the sympathies and energies of all?

As we behold this warlike preparation, as we see the threatening of cannon and hear the rattle of musketry, and the heavy tramp, tramp of drilling soldiers, we are moved to ask why this martial spirit? Why in the twentieth century are

the nations studying the art of human slaughter, instead of the things that make for peace? We find the answer to our question in the necessity which each nation feels for self-protection—a necessity arising from the want of trust between nation and nation. Each feels, instinctively, that the other would exult in its downfall, that the destruction of one would exalt the other. It is a response, therefore, to the law of self-preservation that requires each nation to provide for its safety by fortifying itself with all the equipments of modern warfare. This state of things should not be. The conditions which make life dependent upon strength, belong to the dark ages of brute force, and are unworthy of a place in this enlightened age. Never can nations reach the highest development until they feel that every step made in the march of progress is controlled by some underlying moral principle.

Christ recognized the importance of a ruling principle in life, and accordingly, in the "Sermon on the Mount," we hear the marvellous words of that divine law, so simple that the fool understands, so beautiful that the poet listens, and so just that the philosopher wonders—"Do unto others as you would have them do to you."

Thus does he usher the Golden Rule into the world; thus does he deliver a law that, though thrones may tumble and principalities perish, will continue to measure out exact justice to every man; thus does he announce the law upon which every question of society must finally be settled; thus does the greatest Master of government that the world has ever known formulate a law that, for the decision of all questions involving the principle of human relationship, either as individuals or as nations, gathers the wisdom from all times and from all subjects, and compresses it into one short, simple sentence; and the burden of that sentence is—love.

Then why has not the Golden Rule been adopted as the



principle of government and the blessings secured which an adherence to its teaching insures?

It is because of the extension of the powers of force throughout the intricate system of government. In the early dawn of history, force gained the ascendancy in government, and as the star of empire has traveled westward, has maintained its supremacy throughout a long and stubborn warfare. For the history of the advancement of human progress, from the foundation of the world down to the present hour, is but the history of a continued struggle between the evils of force on the one hand, and the blessings of love on the other. Some of its pages are saddened with the murmurs of the oppressed under the tyranny of force, and some are joyous with the stories of love and the songs of liberty. So, throughout the whole extent of civilization, the rise of the one marks the decline of the other, and devotion to the one, antipathy to the other.

In Europe, where the power of force has been longest worshipped, the giant of militarism marches defiantly throughout the length and breadth of the continent, leaving devastation and wretchedness in his path. England alone is excepted from his blighting course, and it is said that her doors are now opening to his approach. Under the terrible lash of conscription, every citizen becomes a soldier and offers himself up a living sacrifice upon the altar of the God of War. Aggregations of men, who become depraved even under the most elevating circumstances, are tenfold so, under the conditions of camp life, where the refining influence of women is denied and the restraining voice of religion is hushed. The significance of the evil of the conscript system begins to dawn upon us when we consider that it not only brings every man in Europe within the meshes of its ensnaring toils, but also leads him into vice in its most hideous and destructive forms. The result is, that the majority, aye the

majority, fall victims to the prostituting influences of army life and the ex-conscript returns from his service a moral and physical wreck, no longer fitted to contribute in time of peace to the glory and greatness of the country that has sacrificed his manhood to the art of war. "Betrayed manhood! Degenerate country!" cries the voice of an insulted Nemesis, "the years of thy existence are numbered!"

In our own country, the fairest flower in the garden of civilization, we behold a government that revolted against the ideals set up by the civilization of Europe. The youthful Republic of the West, though possessed of every advantage that a conquering nation might wish, turned in horror and disgust from the mournful scenes of bloodshed and carnage. The wisdom of the ages had taught the error of basing the foundation of national existence upon the power of force to hold in subjection a conquered people; and therefore, for the first time in history do we hear a nation solemnly proclaim that its safety shall rest not upon its soldiers, but upon its citizens; that it shall depend for preservation not upon the sword, but upon the foundation stones of eternal justice. Thus do we behold the advent of a nation whose principle of government is love; a nation that has shattered the thrones of tyranny and crystallized into a living principle the thrilling lines of Burns's "A man's a man for a' that;" a nation whose shining example has lighted distant people to a land of the free, thereby dotting this whole globe with republics having as the basic principle of their constitutions the self-evident fact, "All governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," and the Golden Rule for their motto.

But this country was not to escape from the influences of the European evil without a severe and trying struggle, and into this political paradise the tempter of nations came. His avarice exceeded all bounds as he beheld this beautiful Re-

public, "Beyond the ocean's brine," uncontaminated by the evil of the world. He saw a land which stood as the redemption of the past, the salvation of the future. He saw a country from which the gospel of political truth was preached, and he saw nations hanging upon the precious words. He saw a country that had refused to worship at the shrine of force and was teaching the lessons of love. "Such was the state of Eden when the serpent entered its bowers."

The glories of militarism was the first temptation offered. But we have reason to thank God that America has thus far resisted the direct encroachments of force. The guardian angel of Liberty, aware of the terrors of the European giant and conscious of his powers, has opposed his approach with such vigilance and success, that he has not yet been permitted to plant his iron heel upon America's lovely shores. Still, we must continue in our vigilance; for America is but the child of Europe, and the natural law declares that the offspring may revert to the type of its ancestor.

Evil assumes many forms, and when America refused to listen to the pleadings of Force in the hideous guise of militarism, he appeared again in the gorgeous plumage of wealth. Under the beguiling inducements of Mammon, America has encouraged thrift and industry; she has given to gold a princely sway; she has erected huge and magnificent temples of wealth throughout the borders of her wide domain. And now her tempter is urging that she protect her treasurers from the ravages of foreign foes. Coming to this republic, he says, "Behold this great land teeming with industry, dotted over with busy towns, and made lordly with many cities,—its wealth is colossal; its prosperity unbounded. But beware! The greatest riches must be protected by the greatest power. Fleets and armies or you perish! perish! 'Every man to his tent, O Israel!'"



Thus the nation designed to teach the doctrine of brotherly love to the world is standing upon the mountain of temptation, and the Satan of national glory is pointing out the splendors that are hers if she will only cast herself down. But America must not and will not yield. She has promised to lead the human race from the darkness of the past to the glories of a grander day. The genius of American liberty has gone out into the uttermost ends of the earth, and carried words of cheer and inspiration to those who sit in darkness. This republic stands as the supreme moral factor that is shaping the destiny of the world—a beacon light, towards which the liberty-loving of every land have cast their eyes in hope and prayer. It is not the future, therefore, of the American Republic alone that is involved, but that of the entire globe. Should we fail, the human race might be retarded a thousand years in its hard onward struggle for liberty.

But it is my belief that America will never yield to the influence of greed and power. Other nations have accomplished their missions, and I believe that America will accomplish hers. In ancient times, Lycurgus declared that Sparta should become a land of soldiers, and every Spartan become a soldier. If Sparta could accomplish her ignoble purpose, shall we,

“The heir of all the ages  
In the foremost files of time,”

fail in the grander and more glorious mission of carrying political salvation to the world?

I believe that the destiny of America is in higher than human hands. I believe that the God of love hath ordained human government shall ultimately reach that goal of perfect happiness when each man will indeed love his neighbor as himself.

“Yet I doubt not thro’ the ages  
One increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widen’d  
With the process of the suns.”

As the idea of government underwent the evolution from force to love in the mind of Napoleon, on the lonely isle of St. Helena, so the wide sweep of national events indicates the same process in the history of time. For as the nations of the earth have risen and fallen, on their ruins have been erected nobler and grander structures, each approaching nearer and still nearer to the perfection of the exalted ideal of love, until at the end of the long list of great nations, America stands the greatest and grandest of them all. I believe that the course of this country is directed by the God of our fathers, who led them safely through the dark and gloomy wilderness of the Revolution; who made them by the regeneration wrought of the blood and carnage of the Civil War to spring forth in newness of life; and who, in the fullness of time, has bestowed upon them harmony and happiness, not that America alone may flourish, but that through her, the nations of the world might be redeemed.

M. E. ZEIGLER.

# The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

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## Editorial Department

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M. E. ZEIGLER,	-	-	-	-	-	EDITOR
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With this issue, the present staff consigns the publication of THE CHRONICLE to other hands and bows itself off the stage of action. During the progress of our work, which we have tried to perform to the satisfaction of those who placed upon us the responsibility, we have kept the interest of THE CHRONICLE steadily in view. Our labors have been alternately cheered and criticised by both our comrades and our exchange friends. We were thankful for their words of approval and sought to profit by their friendly criticism, and



in this, the performance of our last obligations, we can say with sincerity that we feel that we have been treated with fairness and consideration by all.

In our successors, we wish to express our faith and confidence. We believe THE CHRONICLE has fallen into worthy hands and we earnestly hope and expect to see it continue to prosper. What the incoming staff lack in experience can be made up by skill and a diligent application to the work before them. Their task will be perhaps harder in some respects than has been the case with any of their preceding incumbents. Owing to a change in the policy of the College, THE CHRONICLE will no longer derive its support as a matter of course, but will be dependent primarily upon the interest of the student body. Voluntary subscription will now take the place of compulsory subscription, and this change will entail upon the editors the necessity of keeping the interest of THE CHRONICLE constantly before the attention of the student body as well as others who may be interested in the welfare of the College and its various enterprises.

The relations of the present staff has been pleasant and cordial with both students and exchanges, and to them all we bid an affectionate farewell.

Hampton, the soldier and the statesman, the **Wade Hampton** man who always *led* his troops in battle, the man whose courage and wisdom served his State in both war and peace, the man who South Carolina idolized, is no more. On the morning of April 11th this grand old man breathed his last. He was born in Charleston on the 28th day of March, 1818. We know very little of his boyhood or of his educational advantages, but he graduated at the South Carolina College in 1836 with honors. When the war broke out, he enlisted as a private but was soon in command of the Hampton Legion, and by rapid

riser was a Lieut. General when the war ended. He is thought by some to have been the finest cavalry leader that the world has ever seen. From Manassas to Appomattox he was one of the leading Southern leaders, noted for his courage and daring. To attempt to tell anything of the many battles in which he participated would be folly, for such an account would fill volumes. After the war he returned home and took up his farm life again, but he was not destined to lead such a quiet life long. In '76 the white people determined to rid the State of the Radicals, and turned once more to Gen. Hampton to lead them. After a heated campaign he was elected Governor over Chamberlain and took charge of affairs on March 11th, just 26 years to the day, before he died. After his term as Governor he was elected Senator. The last few years of his life were spent at his home in Columbia.

His last words were: "All my people, black and white—God bless them all." These words are very characteristic of the man, as he loved every one, and was loved by all who knew him. As Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, his old comrade in arms, has said of him: "He was a magnificent specimen of the Southern gentleman."

## Exchange Department

GEO. D. LEVY, '03,        }  
VANN LIVINGSTON, '03, }        -        -        -        EDITORS

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Commencement is nearly upon us. For the last time, we take up the critic's pen; but, now with no intentions of lauding the splendid poems, essays, and stories, contained in great numbers, in our exchanges, or of taking the liberty of expressing our opinion—and sometimes this opinion is far from being pleasant—on articles which we review. We can assure our fellow critics that whatever we may have said concerning their respective magazines, whether the remarks were favorable or unfavorable, was done with the sole purpose of the advancement of his journal. If any of our criticisms have given offense, we take this opportunity to apologise; and we trust that when next year rolls around, *THE CHRONICLE* will still be on the same good terms with her fifty-eight *exchanges*.

The duties of an exchange editor are peculiar, trying, and tedious. The critic reminds of a cotton buyer receiving samples of cotton, grading them, and then determining their worth, and reckoning their value. A cotton buyer has to grade the samples according to their quality. Thus with the exchange editor; the magazines come, and then there is the difficult task of grading. We say difficult, because in grading we are obliged to couch our language so as not to give offense; and then, too, we have to avoid the stereotyped expressions which one is so apt to make use of.

Let us look for a moment at the critic's reward. A smile from some gracious lady, whose essay has met out approval; a frown and perhaps an ugly adjective bestowed by one of



the sterner sex, whose literary effort has not won from us the reward of merit that he so confidently expected. By way of an amende, we can but say, perhaps, our literary taste is at fault, and we may not be able to appreciate the true value of the articles before us. 'Tastes differ; "Many men of many minds" compose the world; thus no article is ever really *trash*, for in its circulation it will be sure to find appreciation somewhere.

The year's pleasant association with our *exchanges* is ended. We say farewell in the truest acceptation of the word. Though others may fill the place we have occupied for the year that has fled, still among our happiest recollections of the past will be the reminiscences of our pleasant association.

## Local Department

T. C. SHAW, '02, }  
B. H. GARDNER, '03, } - - - - EDITORS

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The Mechanical Laboratory has just installed a 10-horse power cross compound, condensing, heavy duty Harris-Corliss engine. This engine was designed especially for Clemson College, to be used in experimental class work. It is probably the smallest compound Corliss engine unit ever constructed.

Why was Major M— “cracked” to sleep?

Cadet J. R. Cothran of the Sophomore Class has secured a position as Levelman for the Seaboard Air Line Railway with one of the engineering parties between Charleston and Augusta.

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## Ottumwa Quartette

The last attraction of the lecture course for this year was on the night of April 23d. On that night the Ottumwa Quartette of Chicago gave a concert in the chapel. This is the second time the Ottumwas have been here in the last two years. They made a very favorable impression on the student body two years ago and consequently we were expecting great things from them on this occasion, and it is safe to say that no one was disappointed with the program. Almost every selection was encored, and the performers were very good-natured in responding to the encores. Miss Julia E. Van Deusen, reciter, accompanied the Ottumwas.

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The Clemson College Dramatic Club, assisted by Mr. J.

W. Heisman and several of the ladies on the hill, on Saturday night, May 3d, presented to the public the play "His Brother's Keeper." The play, which was in three acts, was a very interesting and exciting one, and was very creditably presented by the Club. The proceeds went to the Athletic Association and we understand that quite a nice sum was realized.

On the morning of May 14th we had an inspection of arms and other government property by a United States Army officer. The inspecting officer was Capt. Curtis, who is stationed at Fort Sumter.

THE CHRONICLE staff elected to serve for next year is as follows:

Editor-in-Chief—H. C. Tillman.

Business Manager—T. S. Perrin.

Assistant Business Manager—Clarence Norton.

Editors from Calhoun Society—V. B. Hall and H. C. Sahlmann.

From Columbian Society—C. W. Legerton and Chas. Dew.

From Palmetto Society—W. E. G. Black and S. T. Hill.

The delegates elected from the Clemson Y. M. C. A. to attend the convention to be held this summer at Asheville, N. C., are W. O. Cain, E. D. Ellis, F. K. Rhodes, T. B. Young and A. J. Speer.

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### Society Contests

The Columbian Literary Society held its seventh annual contest in the chapel on the night of April 11th. The declaimers were Messrs. T. R. Phillips and Chas. Dew. The orators were Messrs. B. H. Barre and D. Kohn. Mr. Barre's



subject was "Immigration," and that of Mr. Kohn "The Confederate Soldier." For the debate the query was: "Resolved, That the Legislature of South Carolina should pass a child labor bill." The affirmative was represented by Mr. E. B. Boykin and the negative by Mr. F. M. Gunby. The contest was an exceptionally good one and all of the speakers did credit to themselves and their society. The judges awarded the medals to Messrs. Phillips, Barre and Boykin.

On the night of May 2d, the Palmetto Society held its contest in the chapel. There were only three speakers in the contest, owing to the fact that Mr. S. T. Hill, one of the orators, had left College. The contestants for the declaimer's medal were Messrs. W. E. G. Black and W. G. Templeton. Mr. E. D. Ellis was the only contestant for the orator's medal. The judges awarded the medal to Messrs. Templeton and Ellis.

Owing to the fact that two of the members which were to take part in the Calhoun contest, were members of the Sophomore Class and were not in College at the time set for the contest, the Calhoun Society abandoned its contest for this year.

Miss Mary Martin, of Easley, S. C., is visiting at Mr. B F Robertson's.

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### Society Officers

#### *Calhoun Society.*

President—B. F. Pegues.

Vice-President—H. C. Tillman.

Recording Secretary—J. R. Conner.

Literary Critic—H. C. Sahlmann.

Treasurer—G. F. Norris.

Corresponding Secretary—V. B. Hall.

Sergeant-at-Arms—S. G. Bryan.

*Columbian Society.*

President—J. H. Wyse.

Vice-President—W. H. Barnwell.

Recording Secretary—Geo. T. McGregor.

Literary Critic—C. W. Legerton.

Treasurer—T. B. Young.

Corresponding Secretary—Chas. Dew.

Sergeant-at-Arms—T. N. Lide.

Reporting Critics—C. P. Ballenger and L. E. Boykin.

*Palmetto Society.*

President—J. T. Robertson.

Vice-President—E. D. Ellis.

Recording Secretary—J. Gelzer.

Treasurer—W. L. Templeton.

Literary Critic—A. J. Spear.

Prosecuting Critic—G. L. Morrison.

Censor—S. C. Dean.

Sergeant-at-Arms—W. S. Beaty.

The second annual Hop given by the privates of the Artillery was held at Sloan's Hall, Friday night, May 16th.

There were thirty couples gliding gracefully across the floor of the hall from the time the first strain of music was heard from the Clemson Orchestra, until way into the wee small hours of the morning. The german commenced at eleven o'clock and was lead by Mr. W. B. Chisolm and Miss Leora Douthit, most ably assisted by Mr. Claude Douthit and Miss Margret Moore.

Many of the ladies were from the neighboring towns, but if one would judge from their costumes, and their beauty, he would be lead to believe that they were visitors from some planet in the airy space and near relatives of Venus.

To say that the occasion was very enjoyable one, would be expressing it mildly; and the pleasant memories of the Artillery hop will long linger in the minds of those present.

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### **An Appeal for an Endowment Fund for the Perpetual Care of the Old Stone Church Cemetery**

CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., March 5, 1902.

I am sending you herewith a copy of the resolutions adopted by the Old Stone Church Association at the annual meeting, October 4, 1901. It is the purpose of the Committee, appointed in pursuance of these resolutions, to formulate an appeal to be sent to the newspapers and religious papers and to all we think may be in any way interested in the care of the Old Stone Church Cemetery, hoping thereby to obtain contributions to the endowment fund. A copy of this appeal will be sent you. Do not delay your contribution until then, as we wish to raise as much of the fund as possible and embody in the appeal a statement of the amount already raised.

Yours truly,

R. N. BRACKETT,  
Chairman Com. End. Fund.

Resolutions adopted by the Old Stone Church Association—annual meeting, October 4, 1901. In consideration of the interest which we as patriotic citizens of South Carolina and as members of this Association have in the care and preservation of the historic memorials to the illustrious dead, who found their last resting place in the Old Stone Church Cemetery; and in view of our own interest in the proper keep of these grounds, by reason of those dear to us through ties of blood or friendship whose remains repose here:

*Be it resolved*, First, that it is the sense of this Association that an endowment fund shall be raised to be known as *The Old Stone Church Perpetual Endowment Fund*, and



that every effort be made to raise at least one thousand dollars for this purpose.

*Be it resolved*, Second, that a committee of six be appointed to draw up an appeal for this purpose, that they be authorized to have said appeal printed and distributed to all members of this Association; and, in view of the historic interest of this Cemetery, in order to afford an opportunity to the patriotic citizens of South Carolina of contributing to this cause, to send copies of this appeal to the chief daily papers of the State and to the religious papers also for publication.

*Be it resolved*, Third, that this committee be designated as *Trustees* of said endowment fund, that they be required to give bond to the amount of the fund, that they be required to invest said fund in government stock or other safe securities, that they be empowered to spend the interest in the care and improvement of the Cemetery grounds, which shall always be kept clean and free of weeds and undergrowth, and as opportunity and means offer be improved by being carefully laid off into lots and walks and planted with trees, shrubbery and grass.

*Be it resolved*, Fourth, that these Trustees shall be self-perpetuating; that they shall make an annual report in writing to be filed with the Secretary of this Association, said report to contain a detailed statement of the administration of the endowment fund, stating the nature of the investments and giving an itemized account of the expenditure of the interest, accompanied by vouchers.

In accordance with these resolutions the following committee was appointed:

Chairman, R. N. Brackett, Clemson College, S. C.; J. J. Lewis, Pickens, S. C.; Whitner Symmes, Greenville, S. C.; H. P. Sitton, Pendleton, S. C.; Dr. E. C. Doyle, Seneca, S. C.; J. C. Stribling, Pendleton, S. C.

As an auxiliary committee, or advisory committee, the following ladies were appointed:

Mrs. B. Frank Sloan, Seneca, S. C.; Mrs. Chas. Davant, Pendleton, S. C.; Mrs. R. N. Brackett, Clemson College, S. C.; R. N. Brackett, Chairman Committee.

Remittances should be sent to H. P. Sitton, Pendleton, S. C.

March 4, 1902.

The following tables show the grades made by each contestant and the average grade made by each College since the establishment of the State Intercollegiate Oratorical Association. It will no doubt be gratifying to the cadets and friends of Clemson to note the creditable position which she holds:

#### WOFFORD COLLEGE.

		<i>Composition</i>	<i>Delivery.</i>	<i>Average.</i>
1899	Garris .....	84 $\frac{2}{3}$	86 $\frac{2}{3}$	85 $\frac{2}{3}$
1900	Koger .....	82.3	86.5	84.4
1901	Morrison.....	92.	95.	93.5
1902	Not represented.			

#### FURMAN.

1899	Watson.....	87 $\frac{2}{3}$	91 $\frac{1}{3}$	89.
1900	Daniel.....	82 $\frac{2}{3}$	89.	85.3
1901	Hickson.....	81.3	81.7	81.5
1902	Cunningham ...	73.44	93.	83.22

#### CLEMSON.

1899	Moise .....	91 $\frac{2}{3}$	95.	93 $\frac{1}{3}$
1900	Hill.....	86.6	83.5	85.
1901	Boykin .....	88 $\frac{1}{3}$	74 $\frac{2}{3}$	81.5
1902	Zeigler.....	78.22	84 $\frac{2}{3}$	81.44

#### CLINTON.

1899	Edge.....	86.	90 $\frac{1}{2}$	88.
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		<i>Composition.</i>	<i>Delivery.</i>	<i>Average.</i>
1900	Ligon .....	79.	78.6	78.8
1901	Johnson .....	81 $\frac{2}{3}$	64.	72.83
1902	Alexander .....	68.77	87.	77.88

## NEWBERRY.

1899	Had not entered.			
1900	Derrick.....	73.3	79.9	76.6
1901	Wicker.....	87.	53 $\frac{2}{3}$	70.
1902	Aull ..	76.22	84 $\frac{1}{3}$	80.27

## DUE WEST.

1899	Presley .....	81 $\frac{1}{3}$	93.	87 $\frac{1}{6}$
1900	Boyd.....	87.6	85.5	86.5
1901	Simpson .....	86 $\frac{2}{3}$	55.	70.83
1902	McDaniel .....	70.44	83 $\frac{1}{3}$	76.88

Average made during the past four years:

Wofford .....	87.85
Furman .....	84.75
Clemson .....	85.31
Clinton .....	79.38
Newberry .....	75.62
Due West.....	80.34

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### Tribute of Respect

Whereas it has pleased our Heavenly Father to take from us one of our class-mates, Junius T. McNeill, who departed from this life April 21st, 1902, at Florence, South Carolina;

*Be it resolved*, 1st. That we, the members of the Junior Class of Clemson College, do hereby express our deepest sympathy with his parents in this their great loss.

2d. That although we sincerely regret his death we humbly submit to the will of an Allwise Providence.

3d. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the be-



reaved family and that they be published in the Sumter papers and in THE CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

H. C. SAHLMANN,

E. R. FINGER,

S. J. CHANDLER,

Committee.

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## ATHLETICS

As our base-ball team has closed we shall give the scores of all the games played by us this season, but owing to lack of space will not attempt to write up any of the games, but will make a few remarks about those games that we didn't publish in our last issue.

### Clemson Ball Team's Trip to Georgia

Owing to a misunderstanding between the managers of the Clemson and the Mercer teams as to when the game was to be played we had to leave Clemson at 12 o'clock on the night of the 10th of April and drive through the country nine miles to Seneca, where we boarded the Vestibule. We arrived at Macon about 10 A. M., and promptly at 3.30 the Mercer vs. Clemson game began. Clemson took the field and was not confident of winning the game as the Mercer boys had put up such a pretty practice game, but Clemson got the lead early in the game and had the Mercer boys at their mercy throughout the game. Clemson, hits, 12; runs, 11; Mercer, hits, 9; runs, 3.

The Clemson boys took the 7 P. M. train for Atlanta, where they were to play the Georgia Techs the next day.

Clemson lost by a score of 12 to 4, and we haven't any excuse to make, the Techs just outplayed us. It seemed to be an off day for Clemson and was decidedly the worst game that we played this season. It looked as if we were trying

to make up some of that sleep we had lost going to Macon. Hits, Clemson, 12; hits, Techs, 17.

### **Clemson vs. Georgia**

One of the prettiest games ever played on our campus was the Clemson vs. Georgia game. The game was exciting from start to finish and it was not until the last man was put out that the Georgians knew that they had the game. Clemson, hits, 7; score, 1; Georgia, hits, 8; score, 2.

### **Team's Trip to Newberry and Columbia**

Our team arrived at Newberry Friday, the 25th of April, and was met by the manager of the Newberry team and was escorted to the hotel.

At 4.30 the game began and both teams tried hard to score for nine innings, but couldn't do it; however, in the tenth, Martin being first at bat got a single and Pearman put it against the fence, bringing Martin in. Clemson, hits, 9; runs, 1; Newberry, hits, 6; runs, 0.

The Clemson boys were met after supper by several members of the Newberry team and were carried around to a dancing school, where they were heartily received and enjoyed themselves until a summons was given that it was nearly time for the train going to Columbia. They caught the train and was on hand the next day when the Clemson vs. Carolina game was called. It was a beautiful game. Sitton pitched the game of his life for Clemson, only allowing the Carolinians one hit. It looked as if Carolina was going to get the best of it until the beginning of the 8th inning, as the score was 1 to 0 in their favor up to that time, but Clemson got on to Ruehr in the 8th inning. "Tub" Pearman started the ball to rolling by hitting a two-bagger, bringing in the first run for Clemson, and then Clemson kept up the good work until she made two more runs.

Carolina didn't score in the 9th and Clemson didn't take her inning at bat. Clemson, hits, 5; runs, 3; Carolina, hits, 1; runs, 1.

We appreciate very much the kind and gentlemanly treatment that we received by both the Carolina and Newberry boys.

### **Clemson vs. Furman**

Friday, May 9, Clemson played Furman at Greenville. Clemson got the lead early in the game and kept it. There wasn't anything exciting about the game, but was interesting enough to hold the crowd until the game was over. Wright did the "star" work for Furman, and Barksdale for Clemson. Clemson, hits, 12; runs, 11; Furman, hits, 5; runs, 3.

### **Clemson vs. Wofford**

Wofford played us on campus Tuesday eve., May 13, and was beaten 6 to 3.

The Wofford boys came to Clemson confident of winning, but they felt that they must do something in order to do it. There were many visitors from the surrounding country and towns, and they were about equally divided in their opinion as to who would win the game, all of which added much to the interest of the game.

Clemson took the bat and scored one run in the first inning by a three bagger from Barksdale. Wofford came in and was shut out. Clemson scored two more runs before Wofford crossed the home plate, and Clemson kept the lead throughout the game. Both Sitton and DuPree pitched a good game, but the Clemson team made 10 hits while the Wofford boys only got 5.

The Clemson Base-ball season closed with the Wofford game.

Clemson has made another good year's record in base-ball, only losing three games out of twelve. Clemson holds the



championship of South Carolina, having won all games played against the College teams of the State.

The following is the personnel of the team :

T. C. Shaw, Captain.

W. B. Chisolm.

F. E. Pearman.

J. H. Rodger.

J. W. Gantt.

W. F. Cole.

C. V. Sitton.

J. Maxwell.

G. R. Barksdale.

Substitutes : J. Wier, O. R. Brown, G. W. McIver and J. E. Martin.

Leaders in batting : Barksdale, Maxwell, Shaw and Pearman.

Claude Douthit, Manager.

J. W. Heisman, Coach.

Following is the record of games :

March 19, Clemson, 5 ; University of N. C., 16.

April 1, Clemson, 10 ; Hobart, 2.

April 3, Clemson, 6 ; Cornell University, 2.

April 5, Clemson, 25 ; V. P. I., 0.

April 7, Clemson 4 ; S. C. M. A., 2.

April 11, Clemson, 11 ; Mercer University, 3.

April 12, Clemson, 4 ; Georgia Techs, 12.

April 17, Clemson, 1 ; University of Georgia, 2.

April 23, Clemson 1 ; Newberry College, 0.

April 26, Clemson, 3 ; S. C. College, 1.

May 9, Clemson, 11 ; Furman University, 3.

May 13, Clemson, 6 ; Wofford College, 3.

We regret very much that "Coach" Heisman was called away before the end of the season. His coaching was in

every way satisfactory and we hope that he will come back next year to coach the Clemson Base-Ball Team. He is going to coach our Foot-Ball Team again next season and we know that means a good team for Clemson.

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### Southern Colleges

Nearly all of those, which issue handsomely engraved anniversary and commencement invitations, are having them done by a Southern firm who are doing very artistic work.

We refer to J. P. STEVENS, of ATLANTA, GA.

This house has a magnificently equipped plant for the production of high grade steel and copper plate engraving, and invitation committees would do well to obtain their prices and samples before placing their orders.

# Clemson College Directory

## CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

H. S. Hartzog, President. P. H. E. Sloan, Sec'y and Treas.

## CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

M. E. Zeigler, Editor-in-Chief.

E. B. Boykin, Business Manager.

## CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

J. E. Martin, President.

J. P. Cummings, Secretary.

## COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

E. B. Boykin, President.

T. B. Young, Secretary.

## PALMETTO LITERARY SOCIETY.

W. W. Coleman, President.

J. R. Cothran, Secretary.

## CLEMSON COLLEGE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

L. V. Lewis, Superintendent.

E. D. Ellis, Secretary.

## YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

W. O. Cain, President.

J. R. Connor, Secretary.

## CLEMSON COLLEGE SCIENTIFIC CLUB.

W. M. Riggs, President.

Geo. E. Nesom, Secretary.

## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

W. M. Riggs, President.

## FOOT-BALL ASSOCIATION.

W. M. Riggs, President.

C. Douthit, Captain Team '02.

## CLEMSON COLLEGE GLEE CLUB.

W. M. Riggs, President.

T. R. Phillips, Manager.

D. Jennings, Secretary.

## TENNIS CLUB.

T. S. Perrin, President.

C. W. Legerton, Secretary.

## BASE-BALL ASSOCIATION.

T. C. Shaw, Captain.

C. Douthit, Manager.

## CLEMSON COLLEGE TRACK TEAM.

J. C. Wylie, Captain.

J. H. Wyse, Manager.

## CLEMSON COLLEGE BAND.

D. Jennings, President.

D. Jennings, Leader.

## ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

J. S. Garris, President,

B. F. Robertson, Secretary,

Spartanburg S. C.

Clemson College, S. C.



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H. C. MARKLEY, Proprietor

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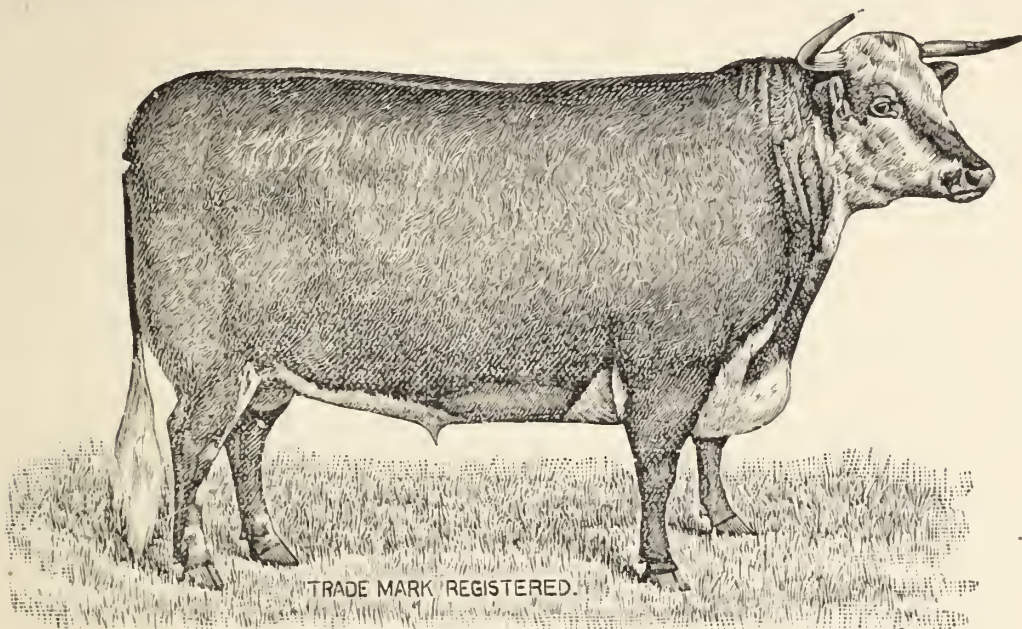
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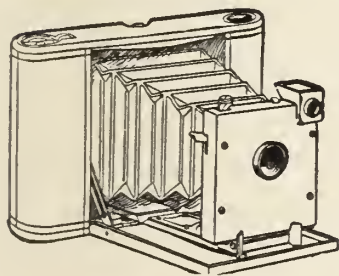
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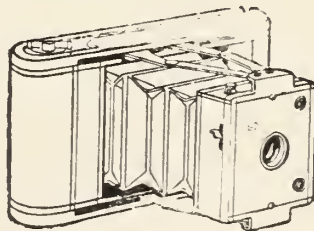
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